

TWENTY CENTS

SEPTEMBER 14, 1931

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



KING FAROUK

When a fellah needs a friend . . .



You loaf or play
in sunshine



You enjoy famous
cuisine



Romance awaits you
on every side



You feast on beauty and
adventure in the Islands

Something to do every minute . . . Like to meet new and interesting people? The *S. S. Lurline* attracts them. Like to swim, sunbathe, play deck games, or perhaps just dream in a deck chair? The *Lurline* was designed for your pleasure. Do you like gala dances, moonlight promenades? Here they are. And if you're one for perfect meals, deft service, staterooms of smart decor — then this is your trip: *Cruise to Hawaii on the S. S. Lurline*.

The *Lurline* sails from San Francisco
and Los Angeles alternately

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RESEARCH KEEPS

B.F. Goodrich

FIRST IN RUBBER



Photo courtesy Bafford Limestone Co.

Rocks to soften your train ride

A typical example of B. F. Goodrich improvement in rubber

THOSE big rocks are on their way to be crushed into little ones. With millions of tons needed, they have to be cheap—must be handled at low cost. Belts would have been the ideal way if belts had lasted several years.

But rocks dropped on them were so heavy and sharp they used to break the fabric reinforcement. Each break was a weak spot; belts wore out in a few years at best.

Then a B. F. Goodrich man suggested a B. F. Goodrich cord belt—made of cords running lengthwise. Each cord is entirely surrounded by rubber; top

plies have no cross strands at all. Under a sharp blow the cords can spread apart, letting the rubber take the shock. It was a new kind of belt—new, that is, 12 years ago when this belt went to work in a rock-crushing plant. When this picture was taken it had carried over three million tons of rock, had lasted longer than any other belt ever used by the company, still looked good for years more.

Crushed rock is now so plentiful they use 1500 tons in a mile of railroad bed. Packed around the ties, holding the track firm, it makes your ride quieter, softer, smoother.

Thousands of other companies are reducing their costs, too, by using products improved by B. F. Goodrich research. Such improvements are being made constantly in conveyor belting, V belts, transmission belts, hose of hundreds of sorts, and every other kind of rubber product. That's why it pays to keep in touch with your B. F. Goodrich distributor for the latest ways to save with rubber. *The B. F. Goodrich Company, Industrial & General Products Division, Akron, Ohio.*

B.F. Goodrich
RUBBER FOR INDUSTRY

BLACKSMITH

HORSE SHOEING



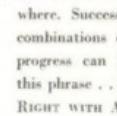
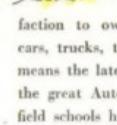
"Get a horse"

...BUT THIS WAS A RACE NO HORSE WON

Old Dobbin lost out because he couldn't match the dependability, convenience, speed and comfort of the modern motor car.

"GET A HORSE," the gag line of early motoring, was more than a taunt. Horses were dependable—motor cars were not—a fact that gave barb to the taunt. But today all that is changed. It is the modern motor car which is the measure of dependability. The horse has disappeared as a factor in today's transportation. Auto-Lite has played a major role in establishing this enviable record, and today is the world's

largest independent manufacturer of automotive electrical equipment. Constant research, engineering and inspection assure the high quality and proven dependability of the more than 400



products Auto-Lite builds in 28 great Auto-Lite plants from coast to coast . . . and world-wide service facilities, for which Auto-Lite is justly proud, assure lifetime satisfaction to owners of Auto-Lite factory-equipped cars, trucks, tractors, airplanes and boats. Service means the latest in technical training, provided by the great Auto-Lite Service School in Toledo and field schools held by Auto-Lite Distributors everywhere. Success of these winning combinations during 39 years of progress can be summed up in this phrase . . . "YOU'RE ALWAYS RIGHT WITH AUTO-LITE."



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IGNITION UNITS • MOULDED PLASTICS • WINDSHIELD WIPERS
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GRAY IRON CASTINGS • ZINC & ALUMINUM BASE DIE CASTINGS

Someone you love IS HOPING FOR A HAMILTON

ARE YOU RIGHT
... on time?



One way to keep an anniversary alive throughout the years is to mark it with a faithful recorder of time. And America's finest timepiece is the watch that's made by Hamilton.

You have over 200 superbly styled men's and women's models to choose from... when you select a Hamilton.

Did you know that men seldom wore wrist watches till the American doughboy popularized them in World War I? Today, 90% of the men's watches sold are wrist models and Hamilton is the most-wanted make!



Are you an active outdoor man? Then ask your jeweler to show you the Hamilton CLD watches. They're handsome all-round all-weather watches, fully protected against moisture and dirt.

YOURS FREE—"What Makes a Fine Watch Fine?"—a 36-page illustrated booklet about America's finest watch. Just write Hamilton Watch Co., Dept. E-7, Lancaster, Pa.

His unforgettable anniversary gift is the Piping Rock (left) 14K gold, \$200. Below: 1. Lady Hamilton M-6—six diamonds set in 14K white gold case, \$155. The name "Hamilton" engraved on the back guarantees your diamond watch is authentic. 2. Wends—gold-filled, with bracelet, \$69.50. 3. Barton—14K gold, \$150. 4. Dunham—gold-filled, with bracelet, \$71.50. Every Hamilton is adjusted to temperature, isochronism, and position.

Better jewelers everywhere have a wide selection of Hamiltons priced from \$49.50 to \$12,000. All prices include Federal Tax—subject to change without notice.

© HWC



The Watch of Railroad Accuracy



AMER. DEAN

About one out of six fires can be traced to heating equipment. Make sure there are no holes or rusted spots in smoke pipes and that your chimney is clean. Don't keep burnable material near your furnace or hot pipes. If you have an oil burner and it has not been serviced within the past year, call your service man today.

This advertisement is published as a public service and to save lives and property. Reprints will be furnished gladly without charge to those who wish to cooperate in advancing this cause.



AETNA INSURANCE GROUP

AETNA INSURANCE COMPANY • THE WORLD FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE CO.
THE CENTURY INDEMNITY COMPANY • STANDARD INSURANCE CO. OF N. Y.
HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT

DON'T GUESS ABOUT INSURANCE—CONSULT YOUR AGENT OR BROKER

TIME, SEPTEMBER 10, 1951

FOUNDED IN 1819, the Aetna Insurance Company takes its name from the famous volcano, which "though surrounded by flame and smoke is itself never consumed." From that day to this—through wars, conflagrations and depressions—no policyholder has ever suffered loss because of failure of an Aetna Company to meet its obligations.



THINK FIRST OF THE AETNA

Want to make your city and your home
a better place to live?



Then send for this booklet!

More and more civic-minded Americans are asking themselves this question: "Shouldn't our city be taking steps—as so many cities from coast to coast are taking them—to make itself a *garbage-free* community?"

Because of the ever-growing community interest in the General Electric method of garbage elimination, G.E. has produced this booklet, "What Was Garbage?"—a guide to municipal installations of the General Electric Disposall®.

This free booklet gives a clear, complete picture of this revolutionary appliance, which eliminates garbage by shredding food-wastes into tiny particles, and washing them away.

ding food-wastes into tiny particles, and washing them away.

The G-E Disposals is easy to install and fits most any sink. It operates effectively when connected to the sewer system or septic tanks.

The booklet tells of case histories—the story, for instance, of the sweeping adoption of G-E Disposals in Jasper, Indiana—of other multiple Disposal installations already made through sponsorship of civic-minded persons.

Whether you are a private citizen with progressive ideas, or a city or state official concerned with civic planning, you'll find this a tremendously interesting booklet.

First weigh the evidence. Then judge how much G-E Disposals might raise the standards of health and cleanliness in your community—while cutting down sanitation costs!

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

To General Electric Company, Box 3
Bridgeport 2, Connecticut

Please send me, free of charge, a copy of your booklet—"What Was Garbage?"

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

State _____



The G-E Way To Wash Away Garbage

GENERAL ELECTRIC

LETTERS

Rubber Ruble Plot

Sir:

While sending balloons into the air over Russia carrying messages of freedom, why not also attach some American-made Russian currency? Imagine the feeling of independence each Russian citizen would have if he were to become suddenly wealthy. Of course, Russia would have inflation, but it might jar loose a revolution. The beauty of my proposal is that Russia could not very well retaliate because they couldn't print our money any faster than we're spending it right now.

If our leaders in Washington had more initiative they would take a page from Stalin's book and keep Russia so busy solving her internal problems that she wouldn't have time to foment wars.

DON KROGER

Lincoln, Neb.

Liquor & Pearl Harbor

Sir:

According to the W.C.T.U., if it hadn't been for whisky, there would have been no Pearl Harbor (TIME, Aug. 25). And if my aunt had wings, she'd be an F-86. Seems to me that the ghosts of the Japs who delivered that attack must be mighty restless, to set the credit handed to something else. After all, it was one of the best surprise attacks ever made.

I am not a drinker, and I don't approve of drunkenness. I also don't approve of people who blacken the memories of 3,000 dead men who are not able to speak for themselves. Sunday morning is a day when things are allowed to ease off, in the Army, at least. The Japs had that in mind. But in spite of their

Letters to the Editor should be addressed to TIME & LIFE Building, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N.Y.

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TIME
September 10, 1951

Volume LVIII
Number 11

TIME, SEPTEMBER 10, 1951

CHEVROLET TRUCKS— take hard work in stride—around the clock

With its rugged, channel-type frame and sturdy, weight-balancing springs, your Chevrolet truck has what it takes to stick on the job... from before dawn to the end of day. Start out and feel the surge of power from Chevrolet's valve-in-head engine... built to do more work for less money. Step on the brakes with the truck fully loaded and learn how Chevrolet's self-energizing brakes stop you quickly and safely... using the truck's own momentum to reduce pedal effort. Keep 'er on the

go, month after month, and discover the greater brawn that is engineered in... from extra-durable one-piece rear axle to rigidly braced front bumper. The many jobs Chevrolet trucks handle, and the way they keep working around the clock, make them the hardest workers on any job! That's why there are more Chevrolet trucks in use than any other make. See these great Chevrolet trucks at your Chevrolet dealer's. Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.

(Continuation of standard equipment and trim illustrated is dependent on availability of material.)



CHEVROLET ADVANCE-DESIGN TRUCKS



WINTHROP SHOES ...what is the difference?



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A campus casual in full grain cowhide.

3/4 inch wide with solid brass buckle. Briar

Tone Tan, Briar Tone Mahogany and

Briar Tone Tan-Mahogany. \$2.00



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in solid comfort

***SEE** the difference
in custom styling

***SAVE** the difference
in longer wear
per pair



well-planned action, there were a lot of men
who fought back, surprised or not . . .

Is there any way one can get the W.C.T.U.
another string for their harp? . . .

Newark, Ohio JOHN P. CONLON

New Disability Bill

Sir:

Re the new disability bill [TIME, Aug. 27]:
"A barefaced grab of public money" is right!
Why not put all veterans on pension as soon
as they're discharged and spoon-feed them
for the rest of their lives?

I think we veterans have received enough
and ought to get along on our own by
now . . .

JOSEPH S. PAPROCKI

Chicago

Sir:

It is comforting to know that all the gold
bricks, latrine lawyers, sick-call specialists
can line up for their \$120 a month. As an
ex-member of the expendable 10th Division,
who was stupid enough to find himself over-
seas fighting for somebody's turnip patch,
and to lose a leg, how do they do it?

. . . I have worked 70 hours a week (when
I had a job) and for as little as 6¢ an hour,
in an effort to make my income equal my
prewar earnings. I am furnished, free, a
clumsy artificial leg with none of the post-war
improvements, which will not be replaced
as long as I can hobbble around with it.

To my ex-Russian P.W. friends, who are,
I presume, in Siberia now: "Buddy, it's cold
here too!"

CARL M. ROBERTS
South Bend, Ind.

The Colonel's Candidate?

Sir:

Re the Aug. 20 article, "The Case Against
Ike": Thank you for keeping us informed on
the Republican Party's own worst enemy,
namely, dear old Bertie McCormick. To many
who live in and around Chicago, the Tribune
is bound and read strictly for the comic
strips. The rest of the paper, in particular the
editorials, would be funny if the whole thing
wasn't so bad, unfortunately so because there
are undoubtedly many people who read the
colonel's hogwash and believe it.

He almost certainly helped defeat Dewey
in 1948 with his "Oh well, this man is a
terrible candidate but I guess he is a Repub-
lican" attitude. There doesn't seem to be anyone
the colonel could back wholeheartedly except,
maybe, a man who goes by the name of
Robert R. McCormick.

MARINE KIPLEY
Chicago

The Lepers at Tala

Sir:

I was pleased to read your Aug. 20 article
on Father Hofstee at Tala. When I first
heard of him, a few years ago, he was living
in a makeshift hut in the leper colony, eating
canned goods that he cooked over a portable
stove. I hope your article will inspire some
readers to assist him in the tremendous task
he has assumed of rehabilitating these un-
fortunate people.

He wrote us recently that if the newborn
infants could be separated from the leprosy
parents immediately after birth they would
not develop the disease. The parents want
desperately to give their children this chance.
The problem is that some kind of housing
must be provided for these children, to say
nothing of food and clothing . . .

MRS. M. K. GORMLEY
Los Angeles

Sir:

Father Hofstee's friends on the Pacific
coast who knew him as a student for the

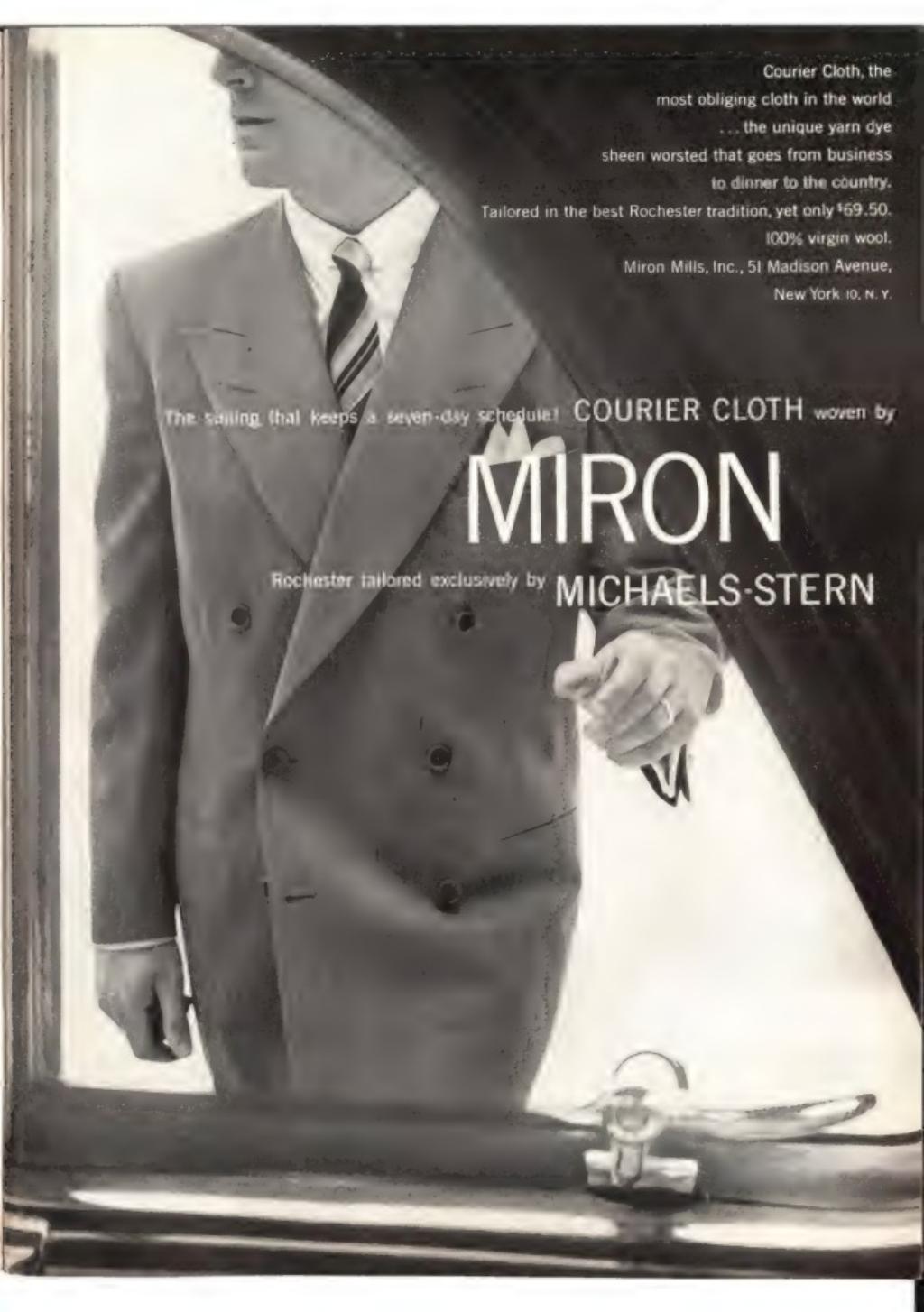
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For men who want
the best. Comfort
and fit never before
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in fabric.



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TRAVELERS CHEQUES

priesthood, in his inspirational parish work in California, Oregon and Washington, marveled at his dynamic energy, especially for youth, and who bear from him only occasionally by a letter, are deeply appreciative that TIME has devoted such generous space to his wonderful work . . . It is with a great sense of satisfaction that we see true religion in action so aptly portrayed. The spirit of sacrifice of oneself for others still lives, if we only look for it . . .

G. K. DOOLEY

Berkeley, Calif.

Sir:

It was Christmas 1945, in Manila. Father Hofstee was the Army chaplain who convinced several members of the Army show *Frankopin* that they should go out and entertain "my lepers at Tala." We reluctantly agreed to go . . .

The trip was one of the most interesting I have ever taken. Not because of the scenery we passed as we climbed higher into the hills north of Manila, but because of what Father Hofstee had to say. He told us of "Joey" Guerrero (the same Joey TIME—July 19, 1948 and July 16, 1951—reported on), who was his right hand, acting as secretary, confidant and friend to her fellow lepers . . .

Then we saw Tala, a series of quonset huts, set in a small valley. Large letters on the roof of the largest but spelled out TALA LEPROSIUM FOR ALL TO SEE AND BE WARNED. Joey was there to greet us, and behind her were 300 men, women & children, all smiling and eager to help us unload the instruments, including the piano . . .

J. NORTON DUNN

Wilmette, Ill.

Hearst Obit

Sir:

As a working newspaperman, I thought TIME's story on the passing of William Randolph Hearst in the Aug. 20 issue was excellent, but I am moved to say that the follow-up story in the Aug. 27 issue was even better. TIME surely caught any and all other current events journals asleep at the press.

HAROLD H. DETLEFSEN

Bellevue, Ohio

P.S. to Cicero Story

Sir:

It was with a great deal of dismay that we read the July 23 report "Ugly Nights in Cicero." That an entire community could be so bigoted and prejudiced . . . by participating in such a disgraceful spectacle of mob action is a matter of grave concern . . . If such attitudes were prevalent on a national scale we would have no reason to think we are any better than the tyrannical forces of Communism which we are opposing in Korea today, and it would certainly leave those of us in Korea with little purpose or reason for fighting . . .

Enclosed is a small contribution [for] Mr. & Mrs. Harvey Clark Jr. . .

LIEUT. HAROLD L. MICHAEL

LIEUT. CHARLES B. REDMAN

LIEUT. ROBERT B. ROTH

2ND LIEUT. FRANK H. DE NOBRIGA
1ST Marine Division, F.M.F.
c/o Postmaster, San Francisco

TIME has forwarded this check (for \$75), along with other contributions (total: \$468.50), to the Harvey Clarks.—ED.

Fish on the Roof

Sir:

Mr. Arthur Duchs, field supervisor of mosquito control for the Los Angeles health department [TIME, Aug. 13], apparently has a

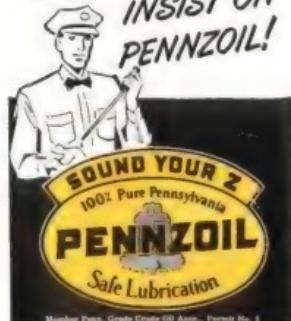


New Guided Missile Takes Off...This newest anti-aircraft missile, soaring upward on its supersonic flight, is launched, steered and exploded by electronic control. These powerful missiles blast high-flying enemy aircraft out of the sky. The control devices were developed by the Bell System's research and manufacturing units—the Bell Telephone Laboratories and Western Electric Company—working together in traditionally close relationship. This guided missile assignment for the Army Ordnance Corps is just one of many important military projects now entrusted to the **Bell Telephone System**.



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**PENNZOIL® MOTOR OIL AND LUBRICANTS
AT BETTER DEALERS... COAST TO COAST**

typical California pressagent . . . The territory of Hawaii has had a mosquito control board for a number of years. It operates so efficiently that it even inspects flowerpots in private homes, to search out breeding spots for mosquitoes.

As to fish—it breeds millions of mosquito fish for placement in areas where mosquitoes might breed . . . We grant that Mr. Dulles has placed many fish with ranchers, swimming-pool owners, but he makes no mention of industry. We, on the other hand, have gone one step farther. Sears Roebuck & Co.'s building is unique in the U.S. We have six inches of water on the roof, to keep the building cool—and how do we prevent this water from becoming a breeding place for mosquitoes? Yeah, fish—but not only mosquito fish, but other varieties of tropical fish that breed like mad, and then we sell the progeny to fish lovers. Now we are unique, not because of the water, but because we attain mosquito control at a profit.

H. O. WALLACE

Honolulu, T.H.

The Case for Ike

Sir:

The horrifying thought just occurred to me . . . that everyone seems to take it for granted that the competitors in '52 will be Truman Harry and Robert ("if you ignore it, it will go away") Taft.

Americans, for the most part, are sick and tired of the waste, corruption and flagrant mismanagement of the Tru-Del!—but just as strongly against Isolationist Bob and the so-called Old Guard Republicans.

Let's send Harry back to Missouri, keep Bob in Ohio and put a man in the White House that everyone can trust—Eisenhower.

FRED L. STEVENSON

San Diego, Calif.

Sir:

Those Republicans who think that the Old Guard can pick the next President should realize that the real alternatives are winning with Eisenhower or losing with Taft.

CHARLES H. PORTER

Tamworth, N.H.

Churchillian Pidgin?

Sir:

TIME, Aug. 20, says: "In current Washington pidgin, 'shortfall' is a defense production program that falls short of its goal; 'slippage' is the amount it slips behind."

The London *Mirror* for May 20 carried an editorial note headed "Mr. Churchill's New Word," reading: "We notice in Mr. Churchill's budget speech the repeated use of the word 'shortfall.' The word is used to indicate the difference between the amount estimated and the amount received, when such difference is on the wrong side. Such a word is no doubt needed, and Chancellors of the Exchequer, no less than the rest of us, find frequent occasions for its employment. 'Deficit' does not quite meet the case, and in previous years Chancellors have had to fall back on some long circumlocution. Nevertheless, if Mr. Churchill's word be an invention (for all we know, it may have been imported from America—though we have never heard it before), it is not a very good one. It is difficult to speak, and by that token does not pass one of the principal tests to which new words should be subjected."

Thus a Churchillian "shortfall" corresponds to a Washington "slippage," which is the deficiency in the "shortfall." In short, someone had better pin down "shortfall" before it furthers Anglo-American misunderstanding.

J. M. STRAUSS

Los Angeles

**Greater Enjoyment
for all the family**



the magnificent
Magnavox
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Better sight...better sound...better buy

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"Magnificent!"

exclaims Conrad Nagel—MC of "Celebrity Time," the popular CBS television show—about Hormel Onion Soup.

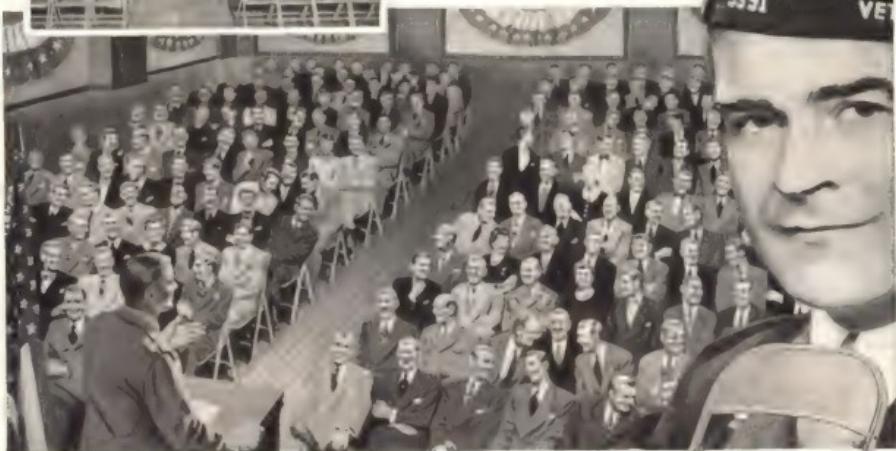
It's authentically French—onions fried in butter, rich beef stock, golden Parmesan—all simmered to perfection. Tune in on some night! If grocer can't supply, send his name and \$2.95 for six 20-oz. cans prepaid. Geo. A. Hormel & Co., Dept. 4, Austin, Minn.



*



Veterans of Foreign Wars' Commander-in-Chief,
Charles C. Ralls, packed the Prospect Park Council clubhouse of the
Knights of Columbus, Brooklyn, N.Y., when he spoke there recently
on "taking your citizenship seriously." His appreciative audi-
ence sat on Samson Folding Chairs. Robert D. Halpin,
asst. manager of the club, says, "In an active
club like ours, folding chairs must be easy to
handle, and rugged. That's why we chose
Samson chairs—they out-perform all the rest."



Installation by Adirondack Chair Co., New York

Hundreds of sturdy Samson chairs serve varied seating needs in Brooklyn Knights of Columbus Clubhouse

Samson Folding Chairs are sturdy, steady—"strong enough to stand on"—comfortable, economical. They're easy to set up, take down, fold, stack and store. Their brilliant, hard-baked enamel finish is chip-resistant.

The Samson installation at the Brooklyn Knights of Columbus clubhouse is constantly being changed around for various social and business functions—banquets, meetings, lectures, parties. Yet in spite of all this, the chairs keep on looking and working as if they'd just come from the factory.

When you're interested in folding chairs, be sure to see Samson. There's an authorized contract dealer in your community who will show you Samson Folding Chairs to fit your specific needs—for there's a Samson Folding Chair to serve every public seating purpose.

Shwayder Bros., Inc., Detroit 29, Michigan • Also makers of Samson Folding Furniture and Samsonite Luggage Luggage Division, Denver 9, Colorado



Illustrated: Samson
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DURABLE CONSTRUCTION. Electrically welded, tubular steel legs and frame for maximum strength! Chip-resistant outdoor enamel baked to brilliant, permanent finish! All metal parts powderized for rust resistance! Steel furniture glides on each leg—tips covered with replaceable, non-marring rubber feet. Tubular steel cross braces for extra rigidity.

COMFORTABLE GOOD LOOKS. Choice of colors. Posture-designed seat and back for perfect seating comfort.

ABSOLUTE SAFETY. Perfectly balanced—won't tip.

EASY HANDLING. Folds compactly, noiselessly. Easy to stack . . . takes little storage space.

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is so
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special way





It offers the ONLY one of the 3 biggest man-woman audiences that's screened for the BUY on their minds!

EVERY now and then, something happens to upset old ideas—and that's what's been happening right before your eyes.

Better Homes & Gardens has exploded the myth that *selected* circulations must be *small*! BH&G offers advertisers 3½-million families—screened to be *top* prospects for almost anything on the market!

A look at the book will show you how BH&G builds such a big market for you. You'll find none of the ordinary reader-bait—no fiction, no sensationalism, no general news pictures.

But you *will* find a bookful of what only the BUY-minded love! Every page, phrase, picture and diagram is about

things to try—things to BUY—to make life more complete!

And this material is carefully planned for equal accent on the interests of men and women—both!

That's why multillions of husbands and wives come out from between the covers of BH&G with definite ideas about what's for them—and where to buy it!

That's why BH&G's big market is all wheat—no chaff. *That's why* you want all the facts about BH&G's 3½-million families—screened for the BUY on their minds!



Serving a SCREENED MARKET of 3½ Million Better Families

MEREDITH PUBLISHING COMPANY, Des Moines, Iowa



Reach for the telephone when you get home

Now, you're taking them home from the hospital.

Pretty proud aren't you, as you put down the portable radio and step up to the window to pay the bill?

Everything has worked out just fine . . . you're bringing them home . . . and it's a boy! A boy to romp with . . . a boy to take on fishing trips . . . maybe a boy you'll watch playing football.

But may we remind you that right now he's a squawling, red-faced boy who has to have a feeding—just ask the nurse—at 10 p.m., 2 a.m., and 6 a.m. And that is only the beginning of a long de-

pendency that lasts all the way through college.

During the time that boy (or maybe yes you are bringing home a girl!) will be looking to you for food, clothes, shelter, and the rest of the things a father must provide, make sure you have enough Life insurance.

For the man with a growing family, The Travelers has designed a special policy. It is called Travelers Triple Protection—a policy that pays three times its face value the first 20 years it's in force.

Your Travelers agent has all the de-

tails of this unusual policy at his fingertips. You couldn't do a finer thing for your new baby—boy or girl—than telephone your Travelers man when you get home.

MORAL: INSURE IN

The Travelers

ALL FORMS OF INSURANCE AND SURETY BONDS

The Travelers Insurance Company, The Travelers Indemnity Company, The Travelers Fire Insurance Company, The Charter Oak Fire Insurance Company, Hartford 15, Conn. Serving the insuring public in the United States since 1864 and in Canada since 1865.

A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



Dear Time-Reader

Not long before the Japanese peace treaty is signed in San Francisco (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS), the Editors of TIME will present *Your Stake in Japan*, a 60-minute television report on the treaty, its background and its probable effects on the great world battle between Communist Russia and the Christian West. To be broadcast over a joint CBS-ABC network at 10 p.m. (E.D.T.), Friday, Sept. 7, the program will combine the techniques of TV and TIME in an unprecedented journalistic experiment.

The idea for the show grew out of our experience with the telecasts of the Kefauver hearings, when TIME correspondents reported background on the testimony as each new witness shed more light on U.S. crime. But in San Francisco this week, the speeches and formalities of the conference, even the provisions of the treaty, will be less important than the pressures on the nations concerned and the world's power situation as it readjusts to Japan's new independence. To focus on the main elements of this news, *Your Stake in Japan* will go far outside the conference building to bring together dramatic and documentary, contemporary and historical material from many sources.

The basic thought and planning of this work fell naturally to Max Ways, Foreign News Editor of TIME for the last five years. He has at his disposal, in addition to the regular staff of U.S. and foreign correspondents, a task force from the MARCH

or TIME, which was detached from its work on *Crusade in the Pacific* to edit films showing how events before, during and after the war led to today's situations.

No. 2 man on the program staff is Frank Gibney, former Chief of the Tokyo Bureau (one of the first three correspondents wounded in Korea), who flew to San Francisco for a talk, in Japanese, with Premier Yoshida. Like some other correspondents helping with the program, Gibney has been working with a movie camera grinding away by his shoulder. TIME Cartographer Bob Chapin got busy on a major map to portray graphically the military and economic forces now operating in the East.

Researcher Yi Vina Sung, former associate professor at Peking University, supplied the show's writers with material on Japan's past & present and with the facts about the disintegration in Asia of the ancient family pattern. (On this theme one of television's leading dramatists, Joseph Liss, has written a play for the TIME program.)

While I write this letter, these and other staffers are working to fulfill the purpose of the program. This job is like any TIME story; we must get beyond the externals of the conference into the main elements of the new situation now developing in the Pacific.

Cordially yours,

James A. Linn



George Armstrong Custer...major general at twenty-six, youngest in the history of the United States Army. This photograph was taken sometime in 1865, by the famous Mathew Brady, whose cameras and chemicals were made by the Anthony Company, predecessor of the Anasco Division of General Aniline.

Last stand... fresh start!

The big scheduled event of 1876 was the Centennial Exposition. The USA was one hundred years old, and feeling pretty good about it. Folks who had the cash went to Philadelphia on the steam trains, to celebrate at the Exposition.

About the Exposition grounds, women flaunted the bright peacock colors of the new azo dyes... The popular blue-red shade of young girls' hair ribbons came from the fuchsia dye made by the Albany Aniline & Chemical Works, at Albany, N. Y.... Family groups posed for pictures before Anthony cameras, and carried home photographs printed on Anthony papers.

In EARLY JULY, however, the country's festive mood was dampened... Somewhere in Montana, 264 men of the US Seventh Cavalry had been trapped and slaughtered by the Sioux. Among the dead was Lieut. Col. George Custer... the dashing cavalry leader with the long, yellow curlis, the boy general in the Brady photographs of the Civil War, the glory hunter and national hero. Later, 1876 was made memorable to most Americans by the lurid lithographs of Custer's Last Stand.

ANOTHER event, little noticed at the time, was a meeting at the home of Mr. Charles F. Chandler in New York the evening of January 22.

Out of this meeting grew the American Chemical Society... from its original thirty members to more than 66,000 in 1951, its seventy-fifth anniversary.

General Aniline has grown up with the ACS. The Anthony Company, later merged with Scovill, is today the Anasco Division

of General Aniline, at Binghamton, N. Y., the country's second largest maker of film, cameras and photographic papers... The Albany chemical firm has become part of GA's Dyestuff Division, with huge plants at Rensselaer, N. Y., and at Grasselli, N. J., which make General Aniline the largest US producer of high quality dyestuffs, and a major supplier of industrial chemicals (distributed through the General Dyestuff Corporation)... From the early azo dyes has come the Ozalid Division of GA, manufacturing the Ozalid reproducing machines and sensitized papers, at Johnson City, N. Y.... and to assure General Aniline's future progress is its Central Research Laboratory at Easton, Pa.

IN RETROSPECT, 1876 is significant not for the Centennial Exposition, or Custer's Last Stand... but the fresh start of the ACS. With its members rest our highest hopes for world peace, for world progress!

General Aniline & Film Corporation

...From Research to Reality... 230 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.





"Open up... it's the police!"

"What a way for a guy to wake up!"

"Maybe we shouldn't've listened to that horror program on the radio, where secret police dragged a family off to a concentration camp.

"Anyway, when that pounding on the door woke up Ethel and me...brother, I was practically on my way to some Siberian salt mine.

"Sure, I finally opened the door...and there stood McCarthy, the night cop on our beat. It was only a short-circuit fire in our kitchen.

"Only a fire? Wow! But with his help we put it out before any damage was done. Then Ethel made hot coffee and we finally got back to bed.

"Only I couldn't get back to sleep for a couple of hours. Kept thinking suppose it was the secret police! But that was nonsense. Here in America the police help us...not bound us like they do in countries where folks have forgotten what the word 'Freedom' means.

"Ah-h-h... Freedom! Pick your own church, your own newspaper, your own candidates. Pay your taxes but do what you want with the rest. Own a house or rent it. Drive your own car or take a bus. Loaf or pick out a good job like I have with Republic. Help produce steel or autos or tanks...or work in a store or a bank, as you please.

"Guess I'd gotten maybe a little too used to these Freedoms to appreciate them. So I made myself some promises. One was to read further than the sports pages. Another was to keep my eyes and ears peeled for those characters who try to do us out of our Freedoms.

"I've been a thinking man since McCarthy almost broke our door down...bless him!"

REPUBLIC STEEL

Republic Building, Cleveland 1, Ohio



Republic BECAME strong in a strong and free America. Republic can REMAIN strong only in an America that remains strong and free...an America whose giant industries have made her a giant among the nations of the world. And through these vast industries, Republic serves America. Take, for instance, our great Construction Industry...builders of homes and homesites, steel and other materials. Buildings...bridges...Structures of sturdy steel, built with equipment of steel...the kind of quality steel Republic produces in increasing yearly tonnages to help keep America the bulwark nation in all history.

{ For a full color reprint of this advertisement, write Dept. E. }
Republic Steel, Cleveland 1, Ohio



NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

A Matter of Days

A smiling, bespectacled little man in a baggy white suit and a battered Panama hat stepped unobtrusively off a silver Pan American airliner at the Honolulu airport one day last week. Leaning on his cane, Japanese Premier Shigeru Yoshida bowed and shook hands all around with the American greeters who towered above him, spoke politely about the "loyalty and bravery" of American-born Japanese, and cast no more than a sweeping glance at the skeletal cranes and hangars of Pearl Harbor. Then he took off again, heading for San Francisco to sign the formal peace between Japan and 51 powers who had gone to war with his country after the attack on Pearl Harbor Dec. 7, 1941.

Mutual Defense. Several of the other delegations were already in San Francisco before him. Secretary of State Dean Acheson, John Foster Dulles, and a contingent of Senators and Representatives busied themselves with preliminaries. In Washington they had just signed a treaty of mutual assistance between the U.S. and the Philippines. At the Presidio in San Francisco, the envoys of the U.S., Australia and New Zealand listened to the U.S. Sixth Army band play *God Save the King* and *The Star-Spangled Banner*, then signed a mutual-defense pact.

The one jarring note at the family reunion was supplied, as usual, by the Russians, who took advance counsel with no one. Swarthy, cob-nosed Andrei Gromyko led his 39-man crew off their two private Pullmans at the Oakland mole. They had come directly across the U.S. from Manhattan, without the customary protocol swing through Washington. Gromyko was stopped momentarily when grey-haired little women thrust a bunch of red roses into his arms. Then he retreated, in a private limousine flying the hammer & sickle, to the 39-room mansion erected by California's railroad-building Crocker family in suburban Hillsborough (which he had rented at a reported \$350 a day in preference to downtown hotel suite).

"**The Fact of Peace.**" In general, the U.S. had no nerves about whatever delays and charges Gromyko & Co. might be brewing at Hillsborough. Before the President flew in from Washington to make his inaugural speech at the conference, the State Department took a firm grip on the events of this week. "One definite prediction can be made," said a State Depart-

ment estimate of the situation. "In a matter of days the treaty will have been signed by so many allied powers . . . that there will be no doubt in any quarter as to the fact of peace or the terms of peace."

The most conspicuous absentee from the gathering in San Francisco was the nation which fought Japan longer and at greater cost than any of the allies. Because Britain recognizes Communist China, while the U.S. recognizes the Nationalists, neither regime was invited; under a compromise painstakingly worked out by John Foster Dulles, Japan will be left free to pick which of the China governments it will deal with. Last week, after Diplomat Dulles made a secret visit to Capitol Hill, the news leaked out: Japan will sign a separate peace with the Nationalists right after San Francisco. But the Nationalists' resentment at their exclusion from the treaty meeting remains strong. The Nationalist case:

¶ The common war against Japan began more than ten years before Pearl Harbor with Japan's invasion of China on Sept. 18, 1931.

¶ The Nationalist government was the first to take up arms against Japanese ag-

gression; it was the government which, in China's name, declared war on and did the actual fighting against Japan.

¶ The Nationalist government is the legal Chinese government recognized by the United Nations; it actually represents China in all international organizations dealing with Japan (e.g., the Allied Council for Japan in Tokyo); it is still the government recognized by the majority of the nations which fought Japan.

Old & Tested Codes

Standing in the broiling sun of an Iowa state fair one day last week, the only living ex-President of the United States cast his mind back to the days of his Iowa boyhood and from them drew a moral for a later, more troubled age. In a speech accepting a bronze plaque for distinguished citizenship, he took as his text four words which were almost a paraphrase of his own citation: "Honor in public life." Said Herbert Hoover:

"I sometimes wonder what the 56 Founding Fathers, from their invisible presence in our congressional halls, would say about the procession of men in responsible positions who have come before its committees of this day. What would



"FAMILY REUNION IN SAN FRANCISCO"
One jarring note and one conspicuous absentee.

they have thought of the 'sacred honor' of the five-percenters, the mink coats, the Deep-Freezers, the free hotel bills?

"What would the Founding Fathers have thought of those who coquette with traitor? Or of secret and disastrous commitments of our nation which were denied at the time? Or high officials under oath contradicting each other as to well-known facts?"

In Search of Code. "We have a cancerous growth of intellectual dishonesty in public life which is mostly beyond the law." At least part of the reason is the current preoccupation with things that are "New"—the New Order, the New Freedom . . . the New Deal, the New Religion . . . several New Foreign Policies and certainly a lot of New Taxes." In the process, the U.S. is forgetting some of the "Old Virtues"—the virtues "of religious faith . . . of integrity and the whole truth . . . of incorruptible service and honor in public office . . . of economy in government, of self-reliance and thrift . . ." In its frustration, the Congress is groping for some sort of code of ethics . . . Might I suggest that we already have some old and tested codes of ethics? There are the Ten Commandments, the Sermon on the Mount, and the rules of the game which we learned at our mother's knee. Can a nation live if these are not the guides of public life? . . ."

The Greatest Danger. "The issue today is decency in public life against indecency . . . Our greatest danger is not from invasion by foreign armies. Our dangers are that we may commit suicide from within by complaisance with evil. Or by public tolerance of scandalous behavior. These evils have defeated many nations many times in history."

But speaking from the perspective of his 77 years, Elder Statesman Hoover saw no reason for "frustration or despair." Said he: "The fact that we are vigorously washing our dirty linen in the open is a sign that moral stamina still survives in our people . . . We sense the frauds on men's minds and morals. Moral indignation is on the march again in America."

THE PRESIDENCY

Spare That Applecart

President Harry Truman, a specialist in the short, snappy, off-the-cuff answers to reporters' questions, was as brief as ever when the U.P.'s veteran Correspondent Merriman (*Thank you, Mr. President*) Smith first opened fire at the presidential press conference last week. Did he plan to take any steps to restore the money which the Senate (*see THE CONGRESS*) was busily whacking out of the \$8.5 billion he wanted for the job of beefing up Europe? Of course he was going to keep working on it, the President said. He thought, however, that things looked hopeless.

That seemed to sum up the presidential reaction. But when he was asked to elaborate on his personal feelings in the matter, he finally launched into an unusually detailed extension of remarks.

JAPANESE TREATY TERMS

¶ Japan becomes a fully sovereign nation with power to rearm or develop its economy as it pleases.

¶ Japan accepts the obligations of the U.N. Charter, is eligible for U.N. membership.

¶ The occupation of Japan ends 90 days after the treaty goes into effect, but the U.S. will sign a separate agreement to permit its forces to keep air, sea and land bases in Japan.

¶ The treaty recognizes that Japan should pay reparations, but it also recognizes that Japan cannot at present pay in cash or materials without wrecking its economy. Therefore, Japan will give reparations through labor. Under this plan, former enemy countries may send raw materials to Japan to be processed, free of charge.

¶ Japan renounces its claims to Formosa (now held by the Chinese Nationalists), Korea, the Kurile Islands and South Sakhalin (Russia got both at Yalta), the 623 islands of the Caroline, Mariana and Marshall chain (now controlled by the U.S. under U.N. trusteeship), and the Bonin and Ryukyu Islands, including Okinawa, now an important U.S. air base.

¶ The provisions of the Potsdam Proclamation ordering the return of Japanese prisoners to their homes will be carried out. This new paragraph, added to the final draft in August, opens the way for Japan to demand return of some 77,000 prisoners whom it claims Russia still holds.

Back in 1947, said Harry Truman earnestly, it was decided that economic recovery was what Europe needed to stave off Red aggression. A plan was worked out, and presented to Congress: the Administration hoped that European recovery could be accomplished for less than \$17 billion over a four-year period. The last request brought the total up to about \$14½ billion—\$2½ billion less than the original estimate, with success in sight. The President thought it a pity to overturn the whole applecart in the interests of misplaced economy. It was not economy and it would never be economy if the European recovery program was ruined.

U.S. WAR CASUALTIES

The Defense Department last week reported 410 more U.S. casualties in Korea (including 66 killed in action), bringing total U.S. casualties to 80,060. The breakdown:

DEAD	13,617
WOUNDED	55,649
MISSING	10,625
CAPTURED	169

Total casualties by services: Army, 65,355; Marine Corps, 13,079; Navy, 939; Air Force, 687.

just when the whole program was on the verge of success.

With this off his chest, the President lifted his chin toward another questioner and shifted back into his usual verbal quickstep. He announced that he would take another look at the Midwest flood areas on his way home from the Japanese Peace Conference at San Francisco—adding, amid groans from his interrogators (who must follow him), that he proposed to do some of his flood-area inspecting on foot. Then he casually stood off yet another attempt to smoke him out on that most fascinating of subjects: 1952. He was asked if he would comment on a magazine article by ex-White House Assistant Jonathan Daniels, predicting that Harry Truman would run for the presidency and be elected by a minimum of 419 electoral votes.

Mr. Daniels, the President said, was entitled to his opinion. Mr. Truman was not expressing one.

Last week the President also:

¶ Presented Democratic Senators Joseph O'Mahoney and Lester Hunt with something new in the way of White House mementos: brier pipes with bowls carved into likenesses of the presidential countenances—bifocals and all.

¶ Went to Griffith Stadium to watch old-time ball players re-enact the last half-inning of the Washington Senators-New York Giants World Series game of Oct. 10, 1924. The President sat in the same box from which President Calvin Coolidge had watched the Senators win the original contest 4-3* and take their only World Series championship. Truman opened the affair (held before a regular New York Yankees-Washington game) by making a southpaw throw from the stands to 62-year-old Hank Gowdy, catcher for the Giants of 1924.

¶ Received Special Envoy W. Averell Harriman, who got back from Teheran (and side expeditions to Belgrade, London, Paris and Bonn) optimistically hoping that a cooling-off period might lead to resumption of the stalled British-Iranian oil negotiations.

FOREIGN RELATIONS

Mr. Truman to Mr. Prochazka

In the 2 weeks since Associated Press Reporter William Catis was jailed by Czechoslovakia's Communist rulers on a trumped-up charge of espionage, the U.S. has contented itself with a few murmurs of protest through diplomatic channels. Last week Harry Truman got his first chance since the Oatis arrest to meet a ranking official of the Czech government face to face. Vladimir Prochazka, recently appointed Czech ambassador, arrived at the White House to present his credentials.

Outside in the rain, a picket line of anti-

* When the ball, hit by Earl McNeely, hit a pebble near third base, bounced over the head of Giant Third Baseman Freddie Lindstrom to let the winning run score, break a 12th-inning deadlock and decide the series.

Communist Czechs marched—as they had marched when Prochazka arrived in New York (TIME, Aug. 20)—carrying such signs as, "How dare you come to a free country with blood dripping from your hands?" Prochazka, a tough, doctrinaire Communist behind his mild, owl-eyed front, was with the President five minutes. The dialogue was described later by White House Press Chief Joe Short (who got it from the President).

The Word Was "Murder." The ambassador mumbled the traditional diplomatic hope that he would be able to help make relations between the two countries more cordial. The President sharply replied that the best way to do that was to release Reporter Oatis. "The President said further that relations between our two countries had deteriorated ever since Jan Masaryk



JUSTICE DOUGLAS

The word from Shangri-La . . .

[Czech Foreign Minister at the time of the Communist coup] was murdered." (No other government has ever before officially challenged the Communist story that Masaryk committed suicide. Short, in his account, stressed the word "murdered.") It looked as if U.S.-Czech relations would not be what they once had been, the President continued, unless Czechoslovakia changed its policy. "The ambassador made no response to these remarks."

Later, correspondents crowded about Prochazka in the lobby. Did he and the President discuss the Oatis case? Said Prochazka: "No comment." Did they shake hands? "Yes, of course," said Prochazka. "What do you mean?"

"What do you mean?" demanded a reporter. "It's a simple question." In a stampede of reporters and photographers, the pale, bespectacled Prochazka climbed into a limousine and escaped.

Repeat Performance. Next day he answered a summons to the office of Secretary Acheson. He was there 29 minutes,

That conversation was also reported at second hand. Secretary and ambassador discussed the Oatis case; Acheson made it emphatically clear that he did not understand the attitude of the Czech government. Once again, outside the office, Prochazka was confronted by belligerent reporters. One of his aides shouted: "Is the ambassador going to be restrained by force?" To questions about Oatis, Ambassador Prochazka said angrily: "From the juridical point of view [the case] is closed. We will not be influenced by any kind of pressure, economic, political or propaganda."

By week's end it appeared, however, that the Administration was going to apply some real pressure at last. From the White House came word that the President was "determined to take whatever measures are necessary" to get Oatis released. If Mr. Truman really meant his tough talk, at least two measures are immediately available. One is to bar Czech airlines from flying over Western Germany, which would effectively cripple Czechoslovakia's small but flourishing aviation business. Another is to end all U.S.-Czech trade, in which the Czechs now enjoy a favorable balance with the U.S.—an action urged on the President by a congressional resolution two weeks ago.

"Fool Statements"

With the deep tan and the glazed eye of a man just back from Shangri-la, Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas last week flew into San Francisco after a summer of hiking through the Himalayas and plumped for U.S. recognition of Communist China. Recognition would be a "real political victory" for the West, said Douglas. It would help split Communist China and Communist Russia and would take advantage of the struggle between the Chinese drive for nationalism and Russia's drive to solidify the Far East—"the greatest source of friction between any two nations in the world today."

It was a tired old proposition that the Korean war had effectively exploded as far as mine-run liberals were concerned. When the Douglas statement hit the Senate teletypes, Idaho's Republican Herman Welker gleefully asked unanimous consent to read it into the record. Texas' Tom Connally, chief custodian of the Administration's foreign relations on Capitol Hill, shouted an angry objection to what Shangri-Lawyer Douglas had to say.

"We do not intend to recognize Red China," roared Connally. "Justice Douglas is not Secretary of State. Douglas is not President of the United States. He never will be. I don't agree with Mr. Douglas. I think he ought to stay home instead of roaming all around the world and Asia making fool statements. We're really at war—in a sense—with Red China now."

Justice Douglas, who often sounds in word and print like a man gazing off over lost horizons, heard the angry senatorial echo in silence, then set out to continue his vacation in Seattle.

THE CONGRESS Billions for Allies

For most of the Senate's week, senatorial voices echoed hollowly in a chamber that was three-quarters empty. One voice clearly heard was that of North Dakota's old prairie twister, Senator William Langer, howling across 19 years of political history: the Democrats had not kept one of their 1932 platform promises, except the promise to put "the saloons back in business." At the height of his oration, word came that Harry Truman had just vetoed a private relief bill sponsored by Langer. The old man roared: "The bill called for \$778,78 to be paid to a veteran of World War I. Today he is 80 years old and destitute." He waved his arms and pounded his desk; papers and pencils flew,



SENATOR CONNALLY

. . . was exploded in Korea.

page boys scurried for cover. "The President vetoes it," he bellowed. "I suppose he must start saving money if we are to give away \$8.5 billion."

But finally the Senate got down to serious business. Before the week was out it passed the Administration's much-debated foreign aid bill. It was a measure voted by men who felt there was no other practical choice, but who were increasingly appalled by U.S. expenditures. The House had cut the President's \$8.5 billion request to \$7.5 billion. The Senate cut the bill down again—to \$7.2 billion.

"The Suicide Route." Illinois' Republican Everett Dirksen, who proposed a \$250 million slash in economic aid for Western Europe, voiced one side of the argument: "We lift our voices in magnificently clichéd about the danger from outside. Are we alert to the fact that America can die from suicide within? The suicide route is the fiscal route." Majority Leader McFarland voiced the other side: "Is it cheaper to arm European boys, or put all

of our young manhood in uniform? The world is in a dangerous situation and we must see to it that our allies are strong economically and militarily."

The voting on amendments reflected all the anxious doubts and confusions surrounding the two points of view. There could be no doubt that those who talked in terms of slicing off a billion or so were acting more from general convictions of the need for economy than from knowledge of specific items which could be sliced. But there was also no more doubt that the Administration's figure was based as much on horseback estimates as solid figures. Dirksen's slash just squeaked through. 36 to 34.

The Predominant View. One more important amendment was argued bitterly. Sponsored by the bipartisan coalition of Ohio's Taft and Illinois' Douglas, it would have put administration of foreign aid in the hands of a single agency (as the House had voted). The amendment was defeated by a majority which preferred to leave control of the money divided between the State Department, the Pentagon and ECA.

The final vote on the foreign aid bill reflected the predominant view that the measure was the best possible guess as to what is required abroad and what the U.S. can afford to put up. Sixty-one voted for it; only five, all diehard Republican isolationists, voted no.⁶

The Senate Finance Committee, still trying to figure out how to pay for the Government's expenditures, continued to hammer away at a tax bill. By week's end, instead of adding, Senators had tentatively snipped an estimated \$1.4 billion from the \$7.2 billion tax boost approved by the House. In a long week's work the committee:

- ¶ Approved a boost of \$2.2 billion in corporation taxes—\$760 million less than the figure voted by the House.
- ¶ Decided to slap taxes on 6,000 building and loan associations, 600 mutual savings banks and a number of farmers' cooperatives, which have so far gone tax-free. Estimated gain in revenue: \$145 million.
- ¶ Followed the House's lead in exempting public-supported symphonies, operas, educational, religious and charitable functions from the present 20% federal admissions tax. Estimated loss: \$16 million.

TAXES

The Burden of Henry Suburban

How high can taxes go? One tax expert is sure they can't go much higher without killing off the taxpayer. In the current *Saturday Evening Post*, Roswell Magill, one-time Under Secretary of the Treasury and now president of the nonprofit Tax Foundation, describes in painfully homely terms the tax burden already carried by "Henry Suburban," an average income

earner who commutes to work. Henry knows all about his heavy income tax and social security. But his life is also plagued by hidden taxes he rarely thinks about.

"Henry," writes Magill, "is aroused in the morning by his alarm clock (price \$6, plus \$1.32 tax) . . . He walks across the floor of his \$8,000 house (annual property tax \$240) and switches on the electricity (3½¢ tax on each dollar of his monthly bill) which lights the bulb (price 20¢, plus 2¢ tax)." Hardly a thing Henry touches is not taxed: cuff links (price \$3.50, plus 77¢ tax), toaster (price \$20.50, plus \$1.74 tax), refrigerator (price \$300, tax \$25.52), cigarette (price per pack 10¢, plus 7¢ federal tax, plus 4¢ state tax). Even Henry's wife whom he kisses goodbye cost Henry



N.Y. Daily News

McCarthy at V.F.W. ENCAMPMENT
The tongue is quicker than the ear.

a \$2 marriage license—to say nothing of the tax on the lipstick he wipes off.

"Yet, the biggest part of Henry's tax story is still to be told," says Magill. "Take Henry's toast . . ."

"The farmer had to pay taxes on his land and machinery, and he also paid most of the taxes Henry pays . . . The miller, too, had taxes to pay . . . Transporting the flour included taxes—railroad taxes, taxes on gasoline and oil. The baker . . . paid taxes on his property, unemployment-compensation and social-security taxes . . . The retailer's mark-up included still more taxes . . ." One way or another, all these items wound up in Henry's toast.

What does it come to? Several economists recently estimated that if Henry's family is in the \$3,500-a-year class, Henry coughs up in the form of state and federal taxes, seen and unseen, about \$908 a year, or a little over one-fourth of what he makes. In other words, for 13 weeks of the year, every morning when the alarm clock rings, Henry sighs, gets up, and goes to work just to earn enough money to pay his taxes.

* The five: Indiana's Capehart, Montana's Egan, North Dakota's Langer, Kansas' Schoeppel, Missouri's Kem.

INVESTIGATIONS

Success Story

The Senate last week heard some more fascinating details of how a St. Louis printing firm began to flourish with amazing prosperity after employing the services of a Kansas City lawyer named William M. Boyle (*TIME*, Aug. 6). When the American Lithofold Corp. hired Boyle in 1949, reported Delaware's Republican Senator John J. Williams, it had Government contracts of about \$193,000. Two years later, the company's business with the Government was worth \$3,257,083. Williams did not mention the fact that after hiring Boyle, the company also received a \$565,000 RFC loan. Nor did he point out that Bill Boyle by that time had become chairman of the Democratic National Committee. But within the next two weeks Senate investigators plan to have a thorough look at the dealings of Lithofold with the Government, in the hope of finding out just what part was played by the Democrats' Bill Boyle.

POLITICS

Punch & Counterpunch

For a few moments one morning last week, Secretary of Labor Maurice Tobin acted like the man who was all prepared to deliver the Administration's Sunday punch at Joe McCarthy. Scowling grimly into the microphone, he launched into a 30-minute speech before 12,000 delegates to the 52nd national encampment of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, meeting in Manhattan's Astor Hotel.

"The way some Americans have been acting," said Tobin, "you'd think this country dropped the Bill of Rights along the way some place . . . Unless a man is to be given a fair trial in a courtroom, unless his accusers are prepared to supply concrete evidence against him, he ought not to be made the butt of irresponsible slander, particularly from the privileged sanctuary of the Senate of the U.S. . . If a [man] makes slanderous charges against his countrymen, he ought to be made either to prove them or bear the consequences . . ."

Commando Tactics. But there, anticlimactically, Maurice Tobin dropped the subject. He scrupulously avoided mentioning Joe McCarthy by name. He barely skirted the real case against McCarthyism—the technique of innuendo and slippery half-truths that deliberately confuses ends and means. And, with his glancing blow, he gave McCarthy's supporters just the right opening for a burst of commando tactics. Before Tobin could walk off the platform, a delegate grabbed a floor microphone. Over the loudspeakers his voice boomed out: "I demand that we invite Comrade McCarthy here to give us the other side of this story."

The proposal brought an upwelling of boos. But V.F.W. Commander in Chief Charles C. Ralls of Seattle quickly shot down: "I appoint you a committee of one to

extend the invitation." That afternoon Joe McCarthy was reached by telephone in Boise, Idaho, where Joe was winding up a western stamp tour. Joe accepted on the spot, that night boarded an airliner for Manhattan.

Shirt Sleeves. Behind a police motorcycle escort, he rolled up to the Astor the next afternoon, just 20 minutes behind schedule. There was a great cheer as he strode to the platform of the Astor ballroom and flung a big brown briefcase beside the rostrum. Grinning broadly, Joe plunged extemporaneously into an hour and a quarter's attack on Communism in Government, broken only momentarily at the half-way mark when he took off his coat and rolled up his shirt sleeves.

For Maurice Tobin, McCarthy had magnanimous indulgence: "A fine young gentleman* who was ordered to do a job, and he did that job." Then, diving frequently into his brown bag for a black photostat, a picture, or a wad of congressional transcript, he turned his buckshot on his archenemies, Secretary of State Acheson, Defense Secretary Marshall, and U.S. Ambassador-at-Large Philip Jessup. He set the veterans whooping when he offered to take his case against Acheson and Jessup "to a jury of twelve men and twelve women . . . if the President's spokesmen can find a way to get them into court." If the jury found McCarthy's charges untrue, he would resign from the Senate, said he, provided that, if the jury agreed with him, "that whole motley crowd will resign."

Foreign Uniform. For his *coup de grâce*, McCarthy pulled out of his bag a life-size photograph of a man in a foreign military uniform. This he identified as one Gustavo Duran, who once held a "top job" in the State Department (aide to Latin American Expert Spruille Braden, 1943-46), and now works for the United Nations Secretariat. The blur of McCarthy rhetoric implied that Duran had been a member of the Russian secret police in Europe, and his photograph was right there to prove it. (What Joe actually said was: Duran was head of something called "S.I.M." in Europe, which was "a counterpart of the Russian secret police.") Duran's reply to the charge, which was first made five years ago: he was Spanish-born, naturalized in 1942; the picture was taken in Spanish uniform, when he was fighting in the Republican army (and not the Red-sponsored international brigade). McCarthy's charges were simply "a translation of an article in *Arriba*, official organ of the Falange party of Franco Spain, published in June 1946."

Nonetheless, McCarthy left his listeners gasping at his bravery when he challenged Duran, Jessup, Acheson & Co. to sue him for libel, since "there is no immunity that surrounds this podium here today." But again the McCarthy tongue had been quicker than the ear. In cold transcript, his apparently offhand statements turned

out to be well protected by testimony already in the legislative record, or phrased behind a lawyer's calculated vagueness.

It was a good bet that nobody would be dragged before a "jury of twelve men and twelve women." But it was just as clear that in a fight with a man wearing brass knuckles, a glancing blow was worse than no blow at all.

POLITICAL NOTES Sure-Fire Campaign

When Mississippi's Democratic primary campaign got under way this summer, most folks had other things on their minds. Farmers were worried about the long drought; everyone was worried about



Vartan G. Vartan—Tunica Daily Journal
GOVERNOR-ELECT WHITE

The mud was dirtier than ever.

the news from Korea. Besides, none of the eight candidates for governor did much to attract attention. They campaigned on such routine Mississippi issues as prohibition and streamlining state government.

But when the runoff primary rolled around last month, things looked more promising. The drought had broken and a bumper cotton crop had been laid by; the Korean war news seemed a little more hopeful. Mississippi was ready to whoop it up, and the two runoff candidates were just the men to put on a rousing political show. The favorite was wealthy, 70-year-old Hugh Lawson White, a 263-lb. former governor (1936-40) and battle-scarred veteran of Mississippi politics. His opponent was ex-Marine Paul Burney Johnson Jr., 35, son of a former governor, who resigned as assistant U.S. district attorney to make the race.

Blow for Blow. As the campaign began, young Candidate Johnson started hammering away at the slogan that White was a "70-year-old man with 70-year-old ideas," that the issue was "money versus the people." White brushed aside these

minor attacks, sallied forth on an issue which has always proved to be a sure-fire vote-getter in Mississippi: the Negro question. Wearing the traditional white linen suit which is almost a trademark with Mississippi governors, he stumped the piney groves and small-town squares, admiring the farmers' livestock (the Southern equivalent of baby-kissing) and charging that Johnson was pro-Truman because he had been appointed assistant U.S. district attorney while the pro-Truman splinter party was dispensing patronage in Dixiecratic Mississippi. In thousands of handbills, he accused Johnson of making a deal with Negro voters. ("Was it to put colored children in the same school with your children?")

Johnson rolled up his sleeves and began punching right back. "So long as I am governor," he shouted, "there will never be a Negro going to school with a white child . . . I'm a States'-Righter by birth, heritage and choice . . ." He charged that White, in his final days as governor, had engineered a land-grab by deeding tax-foreclosed land to his friends at 40¢ an acre. White retaliated by claiming that Johnson supporters forced one of his sound trucks off the highway.

Toe to Toe. By election day both sides were slugging toe to toe. Cried Candidate White: "This is the dirtiest campaign in which I have ever participated." Said Johnson: "I deplore the amount of mud that has been slung."

But canny old Campaigner White had done his job well. Last week Mississippi voters went to the polls, by a vote of 200,000 to 191,000 elected him the Democratic candidate. In Mississippi, that means that he was elected.

Three Versions

*It was six men of Indostan
To learning much inclined,
Who went to see the Elephant
(Though all of them were blind),
That each by observation
Might satisfy his mind.*

—John G. Saxe

Like the fabled blind men of Indostan, two Senators and a Representative last week dropped by SHAPE headquarters near Paris for a chat with General Eisenhower, then failed utterly to agree on what they observed. Michigan's Republican Senator Homer Ferguson was convinced that Ike is a Republican: "I didn't ask . . . I've known him a long time. When you know a man well, you don't feel it necessary to ask." North Carolina's Democratic Senator Willis Smith thought the elephant looked more like a Democratic donkey: "I got no impression from General Eisenhower about his politics. But since the Republicans don't seem to want him, I don't know why we shouldn't claim him." North Carolina's Democratic Congressman Harold D. Cooley decided that Ike was not a political animal at all: "There was no indication that he is interested in politics or interested in leaving his present job on which he has made great progress."

* Tobin is 30, and McCarthy's senior by nine years.



Associated Press

SERGEANT JOHN RICE
"Why?"

ARMED FORCES

Greetings, Husband

Since the end of World War II, few married men have had to worry about greetings from the draft board. This week, 500,000 of them may start watching for the postman. Awaiting President Truman's signature is a new set of Selective Service regulations which will make married men without children subject to a draft call. Selective Service estimated that about 200,000 will be eligible for induction after all the weeding out, that the first will be in camp before Christmas.

Soldier's Burial

John Rice, a Winnebago whose Indian name is Walking in Blue Sky, loved his native land and was more than willing to fight for it. He enlisted in the Army shortly after Pearl Harbor, served 40 months in the Pacific. There, as a doughboy in the 32nd Infantry Division, he was wounded in battle, contracted malaria, won the Bronze Star. After the war, he went back to the reservation at Winnebago, Neb., but soon re-enlisted as a Regular Army man. Last September, serving as a rifleman with the 1st Cavalry Division above Taegu in Korea, Sergeant John Rice, 37, was killed in action.

He had always said he wanted to be buried in a military cemetery, so his widow Evelyn bought a lot in the military section of the Memorial Park Cemetery, 25 miles from Winnebago, outside Sioux City, Ia. Last week, John Rice's funeral procession rolled through the undulating corn country from Winnebago to Sioux City. At the grave an American Legion firing squad fired the traditional three volleys of the military burial service. The service ended when Evelyn Rice was given the flag that had draped her husband's coffin.

But after all the mourners had gone, a cemetery official asked a strange ques-

tion: "Was that boy an Indian?" While the coffin still rested above the grave, he explained that the cemetery articles of incorporation restrict it to "members of the Caucasian race." The body was taken back to the mortuary.

The undertaker went to the weather-beaten farmhouse where Evelyn Rice lives. She had been composed at the grave, but now she could not hold back the tears. "Why?" she sobbed. With her three small children around her, John Rice's widow tried to decide what to do.

Early next morning the President of the U.S. solved her problems. Harry Truman read the news story of what had happened, ordered a wire sent off to Sioux City: "Please advise the family of Sergeant John R. Rice that arrangements for burial in Arlington Cemetery have been authorized. The President feels that the national appreciation of patriotic sacrifice should not be limited by race, color or creed."

This week a U.S. military plane will take Mrs. Rice to Washington for her husband's second funeral. Walking in Blue Sky will be buried with full military honors in Arlington National Cemetery, where the color of a soldier's skin no longer makes a difference.

The Right Answer

On his first visit home to Joliet, Ill., last spring, Private Hubert Edward Reeves, a 19-year-old Army veteran of Korea, found huge stacks of letters waiting for him. Ed couldn't get around very well in those days, so he spent most of his time lying on the davenport while his mother read the letters to him. When one began, "Oh, my poor dear boy, how sorry we are that you have to lie there, crippled, not able to move hand or foot . . ." Ed would laugh and say: "Throw that one away, Mom."

Ed didn't want sympathy. He often told his parents: "You count what you've got left, not what you've lost." It was a good thing that Ed Reeves felt that way. In the bitter fighting around the Changjin Reservoir last winter, he had been hit by a Communist mortar burst, had lain helpless in the sub-zero weather for nine days. Army surgeons had to take off both of his frozen feet and the fingers on both hands.[†]

One day last May, Mrs. Reeves read Ed just the sort of letter he liked but seldom got: "This isn't a letter of sympathy. Not at all. Rather it's a letter telling you how much I appreciate what you've done for our country." The letter was signed by Beverly Jean Hall, 18, who lived in nearby Wilmington, Ill. That night Ed asked his brother to drive him over to Wilmington to meet Beverly. "I didn't

* Segregation in Arlington and other national cemeteries was abolished in 1947.

† Making him one of three quadruple amputees of the Korean war. The other two (also wounded in the Changjin Reservoir area and victims of the bitter cold): Army Pfc. Robert L. Smith, 20, Middleburg, Pa. (TIME, Jan. 8); Marine Sergeant Werner Reining, 22, San Antonio, Texas.

even think of him as Private Reeves, the amputee," said Beverly. "He was a nice-looking boy."

Ed and Beverly dated almost every night after that. Finally, Ed reached a decision, but first he had to get something straight. One night while they were out riding, he asked, "Beverly, do you feel sorry for me?" Her answer was just what Ed hoped to hear: "No, Ed, I don't feel sorry for you."

Private Reeves still has to return to the hospital to be fitted with artificial limbs and undergo more surgery. But before he goes, Ed Reeves and Beverly Jean Hall will be married in the First Baptist Church in Joliet. Beverly knows everything will turn out all right. "I guess some people don't understand," she says serenely, "but I happen to love him. And Ed loves me."

New Tests at Las Vegas

With its customary air of guarded caution, the Atomic Energy Commission last week announced that it would begin a new series of tests "in the near future" at the Las Vegas Bombing and Gunnery Range in Nevada. The site is now on "permanent" status, said the AEC, and will be used for both atomic and ordinary explosives. Only a few official observers will see the first of the new tests, but newsmen and civil-defense leaders may be invited to a "subsequent test operation."

Although the AEC was careful to give no dates and spoke only in the broadest of terms, the announcement set off a wave of speculation. Did the plans to experiment with conventional weapons as well as atomic blasts mean that the AEC is planning to test atomic artillery? The AEC's answer: no comment.



Associated Press
PRIVATE REEVES & FIANCÉE
"Yes!"

LABOR

House Divided

Nine months ago a kind of companionate marriage was arranged between the A.F.L. and the C.I.O. Along with railway labor leaders, they formed the United Labor Policy Committee to present a solid front in Washington on mobilization policies. The U.L.P.C. wielded considerable influence in Washington, helped push through the new wage policy, and seemed to be there to stay. But last week, as the family settled down around the conference table, the A.F.L. members confirmed reports that they were filing for immediate divorce.

A.F.L. President William Green droned out a statement. The U.L.P.C., he said, was a temporary arrangement that had served its purpose. Now union committees should get to talking about what the A.F.L. had long wanted—actual merger. The C.I.O., which prefers the U.L.P.C. kind of unity, argued that the committee's usefulness was far from exhausted, demanded further explanations. But the A.F.L., for the moment at least, had nothing further to say about its decision to break up housekeeping. A.F.L. Vice President William C. Doherty delivered the official reply: "We've come to bury Caesar, not to discuss him."

CRIME

The Searchlight's Last Glare

As it filed its final report last week, the Senate Crime Investigating Committee issued a major new warning: if the U.S. does not do more than cluck with alarm at the spread of narcotics addiction, a whole generation of U.S. youth will face a terrifying danger. Just as big-time gangsters turned from bootlegging to gambling after repeal, the Senators predicted, the gamblers now feeling the heat of the committee's investigation will "unquestionably" turn to the tremendous profits of dope.

Attempting to cure addicts, the committee noted realistically, is a painfully discouraging process. It involves "a painful and bewildering perplexity of treatment entailing difficult physical and psychological readjustment"; many a victim who has undergone treatment lapses into addiction again at the first temptation. The only real solution is to cut off drug supplies before innocents are victimized. Among the committee's recommendations:

- ¶ Stiffer penalties for narcotics violators ("no penalty is too severe for a criminal of such character").
- ¶ An increase in both federal and local agents assigned to narcotics work.
- ¶ Cancellation of sailing papers for any seaman convicted of a narcotics violation.
- ¶ A world-wide ban on the growing of the opium poppy.

As in its other three reports, the committee also touched on some broader aspects of crime in the U.S. It gave the back of its hand to Florida's Governor Fuller Warren (whose name "cropped up

frequently in questionable connections"), and suggested—although in markedly milder terms than in earlier attacks—that William O'Dwyer had not always kept the best of company during his years as mayor of New York. The Senators urged a federal law legalizing wire-tapping, and a privately financed national crime council for coordination of the fight against corruption and gangsterism on the local level.

Then, reflecting with pardonable equa-



N.Y. Daily News

C. BLEVINS DAVIS & FRIEND

Into every life an occasional summons must fall.

nimity that it had acted as "a powerful searchlight" on wrong doing during its 15 months of investigation, the committee members posed for some last photographs and went out of business.

MANNERS & MORALS

The Beau from Mo

For years after he left Independence, Mo., to become a theatrical producer in New York, fortune perversely eluded a benign-looking ex-schoolteacher named Charles Blevins Davis. He managed to round up enough Broadway angels to stage a couple of productions, but they were flops, and life was hard and gritty. Nevertheless, he traveled, met the famous, became well-tailored, suave and bald, and shortened his name to the more fashionable C. Blevins Davis. In 1946, at the age of 45, he married an aging heiress named Marguerite Sawyer Hill, a daughter-in-law of Rail Tycoon (Great Northern) James J. Hill. When she died in 1948, C. Blevins inherited \$9,000,000.

After that C. Blevins Davis strode forward holding the watering can of wealth. The rocky pathway he had endured for so long turned verdant and fruitful, and headwaiters stepped forth softly to greet him and smile with lowered eyes. He became a patron of the arts and sponsored a show of new German paintings in Munich.

He threw a reception and dinner party for his old neighbors, President & Mrs. Harry Truman, at his fabulous Missouri farm, frequently squired daughter Margaret to public functions.

A Strident Shouting. But into every life an occasional summons must fall, and last week C. Blevins' rich existence was interrupted by a tinny-voiced and strident shouting in the courts. One Joseph William Collins, a salesman of Ozone

Park, Queens, New York City, asked for \$154,000 on the grounds that Rich Man Davis was little more than a creature of Collins' own fertile mind.

Collins claimed that he met the art-patron-to-be in New York in the early '40s, judged him to be a man capable of social success and spent a great amount of time grooming him for future triumphs, introducing him to members of the 400, buying him clothes, and paying off legal judgments for him. Collins stated that he also looked over the social crop, got himself introduced to Mrs. Hill, and then sold her on the charm and worth of his pal Davis.

A Ready Answer. In those days, the plaintiff mused, C. Blevins had talked gratefully of buying his trainer & manager a farm where Collins "could raise a few cows or chickens." Instead, once married, Davis had given him the big brushoff. Collins asked the court for \$250,000 for his efforts to aid Davis socially, \$100,000 damages because Davis had twice beaten him up, and \$4,300 which he claimed to have spent in keeping Davis presentable.

C. Blevins Davis' lawyer had a ready answer. The statute of limitations had already run on the assault cases, and as for the rest, Collins didn't have a leg to stand on—after all, he wasn't a licensed marriage broker. Furthermore, the lawyer added, Client Davis denied the whole story.

NEWS IN PICTURES



CHESAPEAKE BAY BRIDGE, winding across 4.3 miles of water, will not be completed until mid-1952. Great bridge will end major

U.S. traffic bottleneck, speed motorists around Baltimore and help cut New York-Washington driving time $2\frac{1}{2}$ hrs. Cost: \$40 million.



ASSOCIATED PRESS
IOWA STATE FAIR, where Herbert Hoover blasted immorality in government, got local Democrats' dander up: they called midway girl shows "lascivious and lewd."



BECHUANALAND CHIEF Seretse Khama & white wife, exiled to avert trouble with South



EX-CZARIST VETERANS of Admiral Kolchak's armies, which fought Bolsheviks after Revolution, receive Orthodox blessing on

joining California National Guard. Group, including U.S. citizens and newly-arrived refugees from Shanghai, will serve as instructors.



Reuterphoto—European
African racists, show off daughter in a London flat. (On wall: Seretse's father & grandfather.)



Associated Press
REUNION IN DAYTON: Charles Kettering, famed scientist-inventor (self-starter), welcomes I.B.M.'s Tom Watson (left) & G.M.'s Alfred Sloan to his 75th birthday party.

WAR IN ASIA

BATTLE OF KOREA

Ready for the Enemy

If the Communists attack again in Korea, they will probably not be satisfied with another "human sea" offensive, the last two of which failed so miserably. In the past month, the pace of their buildup, which has been going on all summer, has increased, in spite of allied air attacks on their bridges, rail lines and road transport. They now have 500 or more tanks—more than the North Koreans had at the start of the war—and 1,000-plus planes, some of them bought by "popular subscription" (i.e., forced collection) among Red China's people. In Korea, they are making strenuous efforts to keep

CEASE-FIRE

Runaway Horse

While the prospects of peace in Korea steadily dwindled, the Communists took the position that they would resume the truce talks if General Ridgway would assume the guilt for things he had not done—and promise not to do them again. The Reds were riding their propaganda campaign like a man on a runaway horse.

In their attempt to prove that a U.N. plane had attacked Kaesong, the Reds had shown themselves up as clumsy bunglers (*TIME*, Sept. 3). Obviously angry and humiliated by the U.N.'s surgical exposure of their fraud, the Communists last week launched a new torrent of in-

cils the belief was growing that Communist monkeyshines in Korea were linked to the Japan treaty conference in San Francisco. The Russians might have told their stooges in Korea to stall and act tough until Gromyko had shot his bolt at San Francisco. Another belief was growing, especially in Tokyo and among U.S. troops at the front, that the Communists had never intended to make peace; that they were stalling in order to protect the buildup for another massive offensive.

DANGER ZONES

Exuberance

Red China, with the weak theocratic government of Tibet under its thumb, now controls all the major passes through the towering Himalayas into India and Nepal. Travelers back in India from Tibet last week said that well-armed Chinese troops along the 2,000-mile frontier are entrenched in market towns, have replaced Indian rupees with Chinese currency, are interfering with traders and religious pilgrims, who for centuries have crossed and recrossed the Indo-Tibetan border without hindrance.

Although the worried Indian army is strengthening its own frontier posts, Prime Minister Nehru is determined not to be worried by this growing Red threat on his back porch. His official stand: since Red China has promised to respect India's "cultural, commercial and political interests" in Tibet, there is nothing to be alarmed about.

Nehru made his attitude quite clear when, discussing another item of business, he told his Parliament last week that head-hunting Naga tribesmen from Burma had raided an Indian border village, killing 93 persons, burning 400 houses and granaries, destroying crops and livestock. The Prime Minister added: "The incident had no geographical importance. It was an exhibition of exuberance which occurs annually."

Evidently, the Chinese Communists are also just being exuberant.

THE ENEMY

Intimate Terror

To their mammoth trials and huge public executions, the Chinese Communists added a more intimate instrument of terror: small "citizens' conferences" to review sentences already passed on "enemies of the people." In its first "review" session in Peking last week, an eager citizens' conference approved the jail sentences of 83 prisoners, suspended sentence on two, slapped heavier sentences on 18, and ordered the execution of nine who previously had only been given jail terms. Said Peking's *Peoples Daily* approvingly: "Not only were the judgments made more exact but the masses' conception of being the masters was also increased by this method."



ENEMY BRIDGE DESTROYED BY U.N. AIR
Probably no more human seas.

U.S. Navy—AP/Wide World

their airfields in operation despite steady U.N. bombardment; and they have new searchlights to help them shoot at allied night-flying planes.

Four new Communist divisions were reported behind the lines on the eastern front, where the most vigorous of last week's small-scale battles were waged. Altogether, along the battlefield the Reds have about 40 divisions, fully refitted and resupplied, with another 30 divisions in reserve. The violence of their artillery fire in recent weeks suggests that they have stocked more ammunition than ever before. According to allied intelligence, increasing numbers of European troops, believed to be recruited from Russia's Balkan satellites, have been brought in for training and advisory work, and to serve in the artillery, antiaircraft, armor, engineer, medical and airbase units.

The Eighth Army is ready for the enemy. It is in the best trim and the strongest positions of its Korean career.

vective, began calling Ridgway a "liar" and "criminal." They declared that a second U.N. plane had bombed the Kaesong area by night. Again U.N. investigators were dispatched to the scene and the Reds showed them the "evidence." This time there were two fairly respectable holes in the ground, craters about ten feet across. Said Colonel Andrew J. Kinney, U.S. Air Force: "There are two ways to make a hole such as this. One way is to plant a bomb in the earth and then detonate it. The other is to drop it from an aircraft." "Don't try to be funny," said the North Korean colonel. "Just investigate."

Prior to this, the Reds had charged other violations, by U.N. ground forces, of the Kaesong neutral zone. They also charged that a U.N. night-flying plane had dropped a flare over Kaesong—a "threat to the city."

The endless stream of Red accusations seemed to set something more than mere face was involved. In Western coun-

FOREIGN NEWS

NEW ZEALAND

Conservatives Endorsed

For five months, Prime Minister Sidney G. Holland, leader of the New Zealand National (Conservative) Party, bitterly fought the Communist-led Waterside Workers Union, whose repeated strikes tied up the country's vital export trade. Invoking wartime emergency regulations, Holland declared the union illegal, sponsored a rival union, on rare occasions denied the dockers the right of assembly, free speech or publication. When the striking dockers finally gave in (TIME, July 16), Holland decided that New Zealand should have an opportunity to say it approved of his tough methods. He called for a general election.

The Labor Party, which had kept quiet during the strike, now began calling Holland a "Fascist." Labor also dredged up some new issues: 1) the increased cost of living, in part due to the five-month strike; 2) Holland's attempt to put a little free enterprise back into the New Zealand welfare state; 3) an accusation that Holland had slavishly followed U.S. foreign policy (his government recently concluded a security pact with the U.S., will sign the Japanese peace treaty, is against recognition of Peking).

Last week, New Zealand voted. Result: a clear-cut victory for Holland.

FRANCE

Poison Pianist

For the past eight years, the citizens who live in Paris' Rue La Fayette—a busy, noisy street near the Gare du Nord—have had their blood pressure driven high by a series of poison-pen letters. The writer demanded money for keeping secrets most of the neighbors did not have. The charges, all phony, said such things as, "Your husband belonged to the Gestapo. If you don't bring me 50,000 francs I will denounce him to the police," or "I know who strangled your sweetheart. Send me 50,000 francs and I won't say anything." The letter writer invariably used pink stationery, was promptly nicknamed by the press "the pink raven" (in French, the word "raven" is slang for a poison-penner).

No one managed to track the raven down until recently a police commissioner in the neighborhood began to get letters ("Madame So-and-So caused two persons to disappear in 1943 and buried their bodies in her garden"). The commissioner got on the trail, arrested Madame Célestine Camille Martin, a 57-year-old pianist and World War I widow. Unable to make a living as a pianist, she had tried as best she could to eke out her meager 7,000 franc (\$20) monthly pension. Last week a Paris court sentenced her to eight months in prison. The prospect of jail did not alarm the pink raven. Said she: "At last I can eat."



SIDNEY HOLLAND
A Red setback.
International

The Face Was Familiar

Businessman Richard Deconnink, on a visit in Paris, was having lunch at his favorite bistro in the Rue de Mazagran on the Right Bank when he noticed something familiar about the man sitting at the next table. From the hors d'oeuvre through cheese and coffee Deconnink ransacked his memory. Suddenly he thought he remembered that in Lille, in 1943, he had seen the same man in a grey-green German uniform. Deconnink went to the nearest policeman, who checked the stran-



CORRESPONDENT MARTIN
A pink raven.
Scoop

ger's identity papers. They showed him to be Frédéric Georges Branquez, traveling salesman from Lille. Said Branquez: "Evidently I am the victim of a resemblance."

The cop was about to return the identity papers with an apology when he noticed that Branquez's birth date, Aug. 2, 1909, made him out to be much older than he looked. At the station house, Branquez's fingerprints were taken. Within two hours the French criminal police identified them as belonging to one Germain Lantier, a Frenchman who had deserted to the Germans in World War II, had risen to be a lieutenant in the Gestapo. Arrested at war's end, Lantier had escaped from a military hospital, been condemned to death in absentia as a traitor.

As church bells rang out to celebrate the seventh anniversary of the liberation of Paris, ex-Gestapo Agent Lantier, under military guard, was sent back to Lille to face justice.

GREECE

Rice Pudding

"In the old days," sighed Athens Tavernkeeper Costa Pandelidis, "elections were elections. There were free drinks. There were bands and songs and dancing. There was bloodshed. The walls were plastered with pictures of candidates. This year the government has forbidden posters and forbidden outdoor meetings. This is not an election; this is nothing but rice pudding."

The Greek voters, as they go to the polls next week, will find in the pudding mainly the same old-line politicians who have seasoned Greece's 20 cabinets and two elections since World War II. But there are two new parties:

¶ The Communist-front "United Democratic Party." The Reds, defeated and dispersed in the civil war, are trying to get back into business by running a slate of absentee candidates, most of whom are in jail or in exile.

¶ Field Marshal Alexander Papagos' "Greek Rally" Party. Greece's No. 1 hero—he whipped the Greek army into shape, then whipped the Communists—quit his post as commander in chief in a row with King Paul (TIME, June 11), went into politics to keep Greece from further "political decomposition."

Old-line politicos have raised a hue & cry that Papagos plans a dictatorship. Chief among his opponents: former Premier Nicholas Plastiras, Centrist, himself a one-time general, though considerably less successful than Papagos, and Sophocles Venizelos, a bridge-playing, bumbling, well-intentioned Liberal. The U.S. has taken no stand in this election, but with Greece about to become a full member of the North Atlantic Treaty alliance, there is no doubt that U.S. military men would like to see an efficient administrator and housecleaner like Papagos on the job.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA

Defections

Last week, as every week, brought a flow of refugees from Stalin's satellites to the free West.

On to the U.S. Army airstrip near Coburg, Germany, descended a Fieseler-Storch helicopter, and out stepped two young men in work clothes, followed by two well-dressed young women. In excellent English they explained that they had refused to join the Czech Communist Party and wanted refuge. The two men had worked for the *Schädlingsbekämpfungsinstitut* (Institute for Fighting Vermin), spraying plants with DDT from the copter. Instead of finishing their DDT run, they simply headed west. One of the girls had also worked for the institute, the other was just a friend. No romances, they said.

Into West Berlin on the subway came Karel Douba, 32, who claims to be the ping-pong champ of northern Czechoslovakia, and his blonde girl friend. They told how they had crossed the Czech border by carrying a basket of mushrooms and posing as pickers. In the Soviet zone of Germany they thumbed a ride, found that the driver who slowed down to pick them up was a Red policeman. He took them to Berlin without question. Douba said he recently finished serving a year's jail term imposed when a Communist agent heard him joking in a restaurant about Czech sportsmen who had escaped to the West.

GERMANY

Near the Heart

Communists who carelessly carry their Party membership cards stuffed into billfolds or handbags have frequently got themselves into trouble and long angered

Party bosses. German Communist leaders finally had a bright idea: they directed that in future, Party membership cards must be carried in a specially designed bag made of transparent plastic, hung from the neck on a silk cord. A female comrade, reported by the Communist press to have protested that the new order seemed directed only at men, was assured that Communist women should also carry the bag, suspended between their breasts. Said Berlin Communist headquarters: "The highest document we own must be carried near to our hearts."

POLAND

Stalin & the Working Girl

Stalin will protect the working girl, vow the Communists. Last week a pretty 21-year-old blonde, who with three men escaped from Poland to Sweden in a rattletrap plane (TIME, Aug. 13), told how he does it.

Christina (second name withheld because her parents are still in Poland) was a clerk in a state food monopoly. Her story: "If you are late for work three times in a month, they take away half your pay. A girl's average salary is 350 zloty (\$90) a month. But a plain dress costs 600 zloty, so pay cuts are tough . . . If you refuse to work overtime, they call you a saboteur and a political enemy. Sometimes they fire you. If you get fired this way twice, you are sent to a labor camp. This is what Polish girls are afraid of more than anything."

"The camps are supposed to be a strict secret, but women who have been sent there manage to smuggle letters out. The girls are guarded by Russians while they work—in mines or stone quarries, or on roads. It's heavy work that women simply are physically unable to do. None of the girls ever return that I know of."

JAPAN

Watch That Slurp!

Should the well-behaved diplomat belch after a good meal? Should he blow his nose? Such questions, Tokyo decided, might well agitate the 53 ladies & gentlemen of Japan who arrived in San Francisco last week. Result: the Japanese Foreign Office issued a special instruction booklet designed to keep delegates Emily Post'd during their stay in the U.S. The booklet warned against:

Taking off shoes and wiggling toes in public.

Noisy gargling: "To make as much noise as a flock of ducks and surprise the people about them seems to be the peculiar ability of the Japanese. Such habits in a hotel . . . are sure to bring complaints."

Drunkenness: "From ancient times in Japan, it has not been considered shameful to drink liquor and become violent. But persons who drink and lose their restraint, changing from their ordinary characters, are not qualified to drink."

Unorthodox hat wearing: "It is unseemly to set the hat deeply on the head, squashing the ears."

Going into a corner to blow one's nose, thus attracting undue attention.

Slurping drinks: "This probably comes unconsciously from the custom when drinking Japanese tea, but it is surprising how many persons regarded as having considerable culture unthinkingly do this."

Belching: ". . . in some countries a belch is a gesture of thanks, which means the person has eaten so much he can't eat any more, but one must be careful of this."

JORDAN

Verdict for the Ten

Above the judges' heads on the wall of the Amman courtroom hung a black-draped picture of Jordan's late King Abdullah, his eyes fixed sternly on the proceedings. On trial: ten alleged accomplices of the little tailor's apprentice, a terrorist disciple of the Grand Mufti of Jerusalem, who fired five bullets into Abdullah at Jerusalem's Mosque of the Rock (TIME, July 30).

After a nine-day trial, the military court announced its verdict: death for four of the accused, including Dr. Musa el Husseini, the Mufti's cousin, who loudly pleaded for mercy; acquittal for four others, including an Arab-born Roman Catholic priest. Also sentenced to death in absentia: Colonel Abdullah el Tel, a Mufti man and former officer in Jordan's Arab Legion, described by the prosecution as the kingpin of the plot, and Musa el Ayubi, a grocer named as the colonel's go-between, who in his own hand had written the note ordering the murder ("Don't be afraid. Kill . . .").

Jordan asked Egypt to hand over El Tel and El Ayubi; there was little doubt Egypt would refuse. Said El Tel: "The verdict makes me laugh . . . Any court in the world would find me completely innocent."



DR. EL HUSSEINI PLEADING
Above the judges, a stern eye.

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EGYPT

The Locomotive

(See Cover)

By 4 p.m., the blinds, shut tight all day against the Riviera sun, snapped open. A bustle of servants and bodyguards on the second floor of Cannes' Carlton Hotel proclaimed the fact that His Majesty was awake. Shortly afterwards, a fat man with a prematurely balding head and a rakish hussar's mustache, appeared on the hotel terrace, plumped his 225 pounds into a wicker chair and ordered a Coca-Cola. He wore the standard summer garb of the well-dressed Riviera yachtsman—grey flannel slacks, navy blue jacket and white yachting cap. The plump, darkly pretty young woman who accompanied him wore a similar costume. For 15 minutes, His Majesty sat in massive silence. An aide brought him a newspaper. He scanned the headlines, threw the paper on the floor and jumped to his feet. Within a few minutes, in a swirl of salutes and a swishing of Cadillacs, the young couple was off to a cocktail party.

Another day had begun for Farouk I, King of Egypt, Sovereign of Nubia, Sudan, Kordofan and Darfour, and for his young Queen, who are currently in the 13th week of their honeymoon.

"*Je Vous Ai Elu!*" In his 31 years, Farouk has become known principally as a glutton, a high-stakes gambler and a wolf. On the Riviera this summer, he has added diligently to his reputation. The Carlton Hotel (where he and his entourage occupy 32 rooms at \$2,000 a day) keeps chefs working round the clock because His Majesty might feel hungry at any hour of the day or night. For a typical lunch, he may consume *bouchées à la reine*, sole, mutton chops, chicken fricassée, a whole roast chicken, a whole lobster, mashed potatoes, peas, rice, artichokes, peaches, pomegranates and mangoes.

During most of his stay at Cannes, Farouk appeared regularly at the casino at 10 p.m. Seating himself at the "*tout va*" (no limit) table, his hairy chest showing through the opened neck of his shirt, he would snap his fingers, and an attendant would place a stack of chips in front of His Majesty. He tossed in the square white discs, worth a million francs (\$2,-850) each, as though they were marbles, and when he won, he shouted "*Je vous ai élu!* [Got you!]" laughing with laughter. When he lost, he laughed too. Croupiers, whom he often left hoarse and groggy after all-night sessions, had a nickname for the huge, lusty man who puffs eight-inch cigars and gambles with machine-like energy—they call him *The Locomotive*. In one week *The Locomotive* lost \$160,000 at *chemin de fer*.

But of late, the King has been staying away from the casino. Observers have noticed other evidence that he is beginning to settle down. During past seasons in the sun, His Majesty has shown great interest in Riviera beauties (a local engraver used to keep busy carving such dedications as "*Pour Sucette*," "*A Jeannette*" into

souvenir rings and bracelets which the King liked to pass out among his female acquaintances). This year he has eyes only for his bride. Moreover, the flabby King is taking exercise—he has been observed splashing at the Eden Roc pool like a melancholy walrus—and he works two or three hours a day with his advisers, keeping the long-distance lines to Cairo humming.

Is Farouk, after all, more than a royal buffoon? The U.S. has good reason to hope that he is. Farouk may turn out to



Associated Press

NARRIMAN & FAROUK
In the 13th week, no more gambling.
be the decisive figure in one of the world's decisive areas.

The Killer's Hour. The Middle East is the southern anchor of Europe's defense. Yet today, the Middle East is like a ship heaped with high explosives, drifting toward the rocks while the crew fight among themselves.

In every city, in every oasis, speakers are whipping up hatred for the West. It is the hour of the nationalist fanatic and his gunman hireling. In recent years, the Moslem secret societies (the Moslem Brotherhood, the Crusaders of Islam, the Arab Sacrifice League) have murdered: one King (Jordan's Abdullah) and one President; four Prime Ministers; two cabinet ministers; one police chief, one judge, and one army commander in chief. Near misses: one Shah, one Premier. Two agents of the Moslem Brotherhood were reported last week to be trailing King Farouk on the Riviera.

There is virtually no responsible states-

manship; most Middle Eastern leaders are either anti-Western or ineffectual (see box). The U.S. is doing little to help get the situation under control; the only people who stand to profit without making a move are the Russians. Egypt's masters have on occasion proved themselves as ineffectual as any of the others. But, by virtue of past glory and present intellectual influence, Egypt is looked on by many people in the Arab world as a potential leader. Whether or not Egypt can ever be fit for that role, the country holds a strategic position in the Middle East.

How Goes Egypt? The ancient land of the Pharaohs last week lay drowsily under the parching sun, the Nile Delta a green lifeline beset by the hot brown desert. The river, swollen with the muddy waters from the Sudan and the Ethiopian mountains, always carried life and hope; as they had for centuries, pregnant peasant women ate mud from its fertile banks, believing that it would make their unborn children strong. Yet even the Nile could not accomplish that miracle. In Egypt, two out of four children die before they are five years old, and the survivors are almost certain to be diseased. In fields which they do not own, 14 million fellahin (70% of Egypt's population) labor over crops whose fruit they will not eat, for wages (average 10¢ a day) which barely keep them alive.

They live in mud huts, sleep on reed mats, dress in rags, eat the bread of the poor (there are two types of bread in Egypt, the good white bread from Egypt's abundant wheat being available only to the rich).

Egypt's ruling class, as stupid, selfish and corrupt as any in the world, is unconcerned. This summer, as in every summer, the rich fled screeching, scorching Cairo and were relaxing in cool Alexandria or, like their King, on the Riviera. When they return to Cairo later in the fall, their womenfolk diamond-studded and sheathed in Parisian gowns, they will take up life in a small world of their own, which moves between exclusive clubs, theaters and palaces. They own most of Egypt's land, pay ludicrously small taxes.

Wind of Discontent. The fellahin have begun to stir. Recently, an unheard-of incident shook the country: a band of laborers beat up a graft-taking overseer on a pasha's estate, then attacked the pasha's son, set fire to his house and had to be subdued with a machine gun. Some fellahin have grown bold enough to try to seize land from the pashas. When the government recently proposed to raise bread prices, there was such an outcry from the poor that the plan was hastily dropped. The government politicians who until recently were always glad to whip up an anti-British riot to draw the people's attention away from their misery, now have clamped down on such demonstrations: they are afraid that the rioters might forget about the British and turn against the government.

The situation is ready-made for 1) the Moslem Brotherhood, which is busily or-

ganizing recruits toward the day when it can unleash terror, and 2) the Communists.

There is no visible Red leadership (Communism is outlawed), but the party is split into efficiently run cells. Membership, especially among students, is growing. New Communist-front papers are gaining circulation fast; they operate carefully within the press laws. The politicians actually help the Communists by denouncing any advocate of reform as a Communist. Says a Western diplomat: "Up to the turn of the year we were reporting regularly—and we keep very close watch on this—that there was nothing like a Communist Party in Egypt. But this conclusion of six months ago is definitely not true today. Communism started

raising its head, as near as we can place it, toward the end of February or the early part of March. Then Communist-front papers started to appear. Newsprint costs \$364 a ton out here. The papers carried no ads. How could they exist? Obviously by subsidies. Who were they subsidized by? That takes no imagination whatsoever.

"The Communists are playing an extremely clever line. They are anti-monarchy, anti-government, anti-British, anti-American, anti-everything. They are taking the vast, creeping discontent in this country and surely binding it into a movement."

Forms Without Content. From the day the British occupied Egypt in 1882, the ancient land began to get its first experience of modern government. In the 64

years they stayed, the invaders did a brilliant administrative job: they balanced the budget, reformed the government bureaus, reorganized the army. But they did little to redress Egypt's social and industrial backwardness. By 1922, when Britain declared Egypt independent, the land had developed the forms of democratic government, but not the content. Egypt today has a constitution, a parliament, elections, a budget and an income tax. But the constitution is rarely observed, the parliament represents only the pasha class, elections are invariably rigged, the budget is hopelessly padded with graft, and income taxes are hardly ever paid.

Egypt's leading party, the *Wafd al Misri* (meaning Egyptian Delegation), used to be genuinely popular, a vigorous fighter for reform. But with the death in 1927 of its founder, a one-time fellah named Saad Zaghlul, the party began to sag and split. When the Wafd came to power again in January 1950, after years in & out of office, the party pulled a gigantic switch: from its traditional status as His Majesty's loyal opposition, it became His Majesty's obedient servant. The price for the switch: patronage and palace favors for Wafd politicos. The Wafd government is glad to do the palace little favors in return—like appropriating \$3,700,000 for, among other things, repair of the royal yacht and of palace walls.

Evil Genius. Premier Mustapha el Nahas Pasha, titular leader of the Wafd, is old (75), tired and ailing. A fellah's son and once a shrewd, honest politician, Nahas now merely wants to remain Premier in peace & quiet. He still has a following, but on official occasions these days the party usually hires a small crowd to kiss his hand, which makes him happy. The party is really run by a group of rich, unscrupulous newcomers, led by huge Fuad Serag el Din, Wafd secretary general and Minister of the Interior & Finance. Serag el Din's good friend and ally is Madame Zeinab Nahas, the plump, grasping wife whom the Premier married 15 years ago, when she was 25 and he was 60. Western observers generally describe her as Egypt's evil genius.

Serag el Din and Madame Nahas occasionally do the nightclub circuit around Cairo. This produces a set routine: just as they come to the side entrance, the lights have a habit of failing, then coming on as soon as they are safely seated behind a couple of partially obscuring potted palms.

Opponents of the pair forfeit their political heads. Madame Nahas and her brother, a businessman, are today among Egypt's richest people, though their family never had much money. With no visible source of income other than her husband's salary, Madame Nahas so far this year has bought no less than 750 feddans of land (778 acres).

The Strongest Man? The Wafd has the most efficiently corrupt political organization in the country. At the last elections, policemen handed out ballots to the illiterate fellahs and showed them where to make their marks (in that way one cop

OTHER MIDDLE EAST LEADERS

Abdul Aziz ibn Saud (71), King of Saudi Arabia, adds up, statistically, to nine old battle wounds, some 40 sons, and 750,000 barrels of crude oil which Saudi Arabia produces daily. In ideas, he adds up to hatred of the Jews, strict devotion to the letter of the Moslem religion, and friendship for the U.S., though he is furious at President Truman's support of Israel. Ibn Saud used to live off tolls he collected from Mecca pilgrims, but the Arabian-American Oil Co. proved even more lucrative, made Ibn Saud one of the world's richest men. He is too old and complacent to go out of his way to help the West or assume active leadership of the Middle East.

Mohammed Reza Pahlavi (31), Shahinshah of Iran, is pro-Western and has progressive ideas (last January he began sale of his vast land holdings to peasants on easy installment terms, gave the proceeds to charity). But when the oil crisis flared up, though he was opposed to the fanatical National Front, he did not dare take action. He is now powerless before fragile, faint-prone Premier Mohammed Mossadeq and his National Front.

Hoj Amin el Husseini (59), Mufti of Jerusalem, veteran plotter against British rule in the Middle East, and ruthless enemy of the West. Spent most of World War II in Berlin. In 1946, while awaiting trial in Paris as a war criminal, he escaped, since then has lived in Egypt as King Farouk's honored guest. Ambition: to be head of an independent Palestinian state. Methods: 1) recruiting of an Arab army from the 800,000 bitter, hopeless refugees driven from their homes by the Arab-Israeli war; 2) murder and terrorism through such groups as his own "Salvation Army," the Moslem Brotherhood, the Crusaders of Islam. His most recent victim: Jordan's King Abdullah.

Emir Tafal (40), heir apparent to King Abdullah, now a psychiatric patient in a clinic at Prangins near Geneva, while his brother Emir Naif acts as regent. Was packed off to Switzerland after several violent seizures, usually at cocktail parties, during which he fell on innocent bystanders—mostly British officers. Hates the British and the West.

Emir Abdul Ilah (38), Regent of Iraq, has ruled the country since 1939, on behalf of his nephew, King Feisal II (16). Moderately able, but without stature or drive. Favorite pastime: driving through Bagdad in Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee state coach (which he bought in 1949, insured for \$16,000).

Charles Malik (45), Lebanese Minister to the U.S. and U.N. delegate, brilliant, genuinely pro-Western thinker and statesman. Cultured, well-educated (American University of Beirut, Harvard), Christian, international-minded, Malik is one of the few bright spots in the Middle Eastern picture, but has virtually no political force to back his sympathies.



International
MUTTI



Associated Press
IBN SAUD



ASSOCIATED PRESS
HOJ AMIN EL HUSSEINI

boasted he had cast 5,000 straight votes for the Wafd). The party made numerous campaign promises of social reform, has carried out virtually none of them; the one way in which it hopes to keep its popularity and make the people forget about their discontent is to whip up anti-British feeling.

The Wafd government has been negotiating for nearly two years with London to revise the 1936 treaty, which gives the British bases in the Suez Canal Zone. Currently the negotiations are bogged down. Many Wafd leaders do not actually want the British to withdraw from the Canal Zone because they know that the Egyptian army, miserably beaten by the Israelis three years ago, could never alone defend Egypt. King Farouk himself is known to oppose British evacuation but would never dare admit it in public.

There is little hope that other Egyptian parties could do any better than the Wafd. The Saadists, the country's No. 2 party, a group that broke away from the Wafd in 1938 because it was disgusted with Wafdist corruption, is itself little better today.

All thinking Egyptians and Western diplomats agree that Egypt desperately needs a leader who can give it a thorough house cleaning. The only man who could fill the role, if he chose to, is King Farouk himself. Says one of Britain's old Egypt hands: "If Farouk were to emerge tomorrow as an active, constructive champion of genuine social democracy, the Egyptian people's discontent would vanish overnight."

In its own way, the Moslem Brotherhood has paid him an even stronger compliment. Examining a sheaf of notes taken by a Brotherhood member apparently during an indoctrination session, a U.S. newsman found the following passage: "Brotherhood made bad mistake in deciding not to kill Farouk in 1948 . . . he is stronger man in Egypt . . ."

Mother with Crystal Ball. In 1936, in a bleak stone villa in London's suburban Kingston Hill, Farouk, a tall, trim boy of 16, got a long-distance call from Cairo. It was his mother, Queen Nazli. "My son," she sobbed, "you are King."

Egypt's shrewd, greedy King Fuad had just died after a 19-year reign. Only six months before, the young prince had arrived in Britain to get a thorough training at the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich, plus a few lessons in manners and the craft of kingship. The moment he returned to Cairo, he was plumped into an atmosphere of intrigue and luxury. He was surrounded largely by sycophants who catered to his whims and seldom dared contradict him. He inherited a private fortune of \$50 million, an annual Civil List income of \$400,000, four fabulous palaces, huge estates, yachts, Queen Mother Nazli was a devotee of crystal balls, card reading, the scrutiny of tea leaves, and the augural dissection of pigeons. (She now lives in Beverly Hills where she is reported to be feeling right at home.) Last year, when she sanctioned the mar-



International

FAIROUK AT FRENCH BEAUTY CONTEST
What became of Suzette and Jeannette?

riage of her daughter, Princess Fathia, to an Egyptian commoner, Farouk stripped Nazli and Fathia of their rich Egyptian properties.

Two years after he came home, Farouk, nearly 18, married Farida, 16, a childhood playmate, daughter of an eminent Alexandria judge. She was a beautiful, bright girl, and they loved each other. Six years later, the marriage was on the rocks. The story heard most often is that Farida left her husband because he was running around with other women, but his friends say she had her share of the blame. But in one respect, she had been a disappointment to the King: she bore him three daughters but no male heir.

As a young King, Farouk was popular. Under the influence of his Oxford-educated tutor, Farouk toured hospitals during epidemics, and during wartime air raids he visited the bombed areas, helped clear away the rubble. Farouk went to the houses of the poor. He was well-meaning but naive; one day, eating with a poor family, he was moved to say: "I hope you will some day be able to eat as good food as I do."

Friend with Light Bulbs. One incident, friends agree, shook the young King badly and may have helped change his course from unquestioning friendship for the West. In February 1942, when Rommel was within a few hours' tank ride of Alexandria, an Egyptian cabinet crisis developed, and it appeared that the King might name a pro-Axis Prime Minister. The British asked the King to name Nahas Pasha, who was friendly to the allies. Farouk, then at odds with Nahas, refused. Obviously, the British had to do something, but some Britons in Cairo now be-

lieve that the manner in which they did it was a mistake. On the crucial day, two British tanks rumbled through the gates of Abdin Palace in Cairo. Troops took stations round the building, and British Ambassador Sir Miles Lampson, flanked by high-ranking British officers, marched into Farouk's study.

"There I was," said Farouk afterward, "lined up behind the desk with my staff on one side. They came in, and Lampson lined up his staff on the other side, and he started talking. I looked around, and then I signed Nahas' appointment as Premier." As the British Ambassador prepared to leave, Farouk said coldly: "Sir Miles, you will regret this day."

When his tutor died of a heart attack in 1946, the lonely King sought other companions. His choices were strange. One was a short, baldheaded Lebanese journalist named Karem Tabet, who is now the King's press counselor and confidant, has been described as Egypt's Harry Vaughan. Another of the King's favorites is a little Italian named Pulley Bey, a former palace barber and electrician whom (so the story goes) Farouk used to follow around when he was a child, watching with fascination as he screwed in light bulbs. Now he is a combination court jester and general handy man, recruits poker partners and, occasionally, pretty dancing partners; Tabet, Pulley and a half dozen similar hangers-on are generally believed to be neck-deep in graft, were implicated in the scandal of the sale of faulty arms to the Egyptian army, uncovered after the Arab-Israeli war.

"I Am a Wet Blanket." Farouk is a lonely man who would like to be gregarious but does not have the knack for



PREMIER NAHAS PASCHA & WIFE
Right cozy behind potted palms.

it. He used to go to small cocktail parties given by an old American friend, but found that the other guests would freeze up in his presence and stand around silently. Finally he said to his host: "I'm not coming any more because I am a wet blanket."

There is no doubt that Farouk is intelligent and energetic. Every morning (after breakfasting on a bowl of porridge, five or six eggs, a plate of beans and a pot of coffee) he begins poring over a mass of reports sent him by his special agents in every branch of the government. He updates himself with the latest press clippings, telegrams and diplomatic reports. From then on he keeps his staff hopping most of the day. He has a quick mind, reads widely, can tell racy stories or discuss foreign policy in seven languages.

But so far Farouk's intelligence has not been backed by sustained drive. From time to time he walks into cabinet meetings and presents some demand with the words: "I represent the people." He will sketch elaborate programs of social reform, but, somehow nothing ever comes of them. Egypt's greatest needs—land reform and more industrialization—are nowhere near being met. He has personally made a groping effort to set matters right. Once he gave \$10,000 to buy shoes for the barefooted. He has been known to listen to a workers' petition to redress their grievances, and last May, when Egypt started its social security system, the first in the Middle East, the King distributed the first books to the inhabitants of Cairo: inside each he had tucked a banknote for a sum that would support the aged poor for a few months.

Missing the Bus? Farouk has made attempts at Middle Eastern leadership. At war's end he sponsored the Arab League; when Ibn Saud balked at joining, Farouk himself dashed off to Saudi Arabia to con-

vince the old King. But, largely because of the Arab world's disastrous defeat at the hands of the Israelis, the Arab League's importance has sharply declined. On the surface, Farouk's interest in foreign affairs has waned, but privately he talks with force and understanding about the Communist menace. He realizes that Egypt's future is with the West. While he has no choice but to allow his Foreign Minister to rant against the British, behind the scenes Farouk is working quietly to hold nationalism in check, to keep negotiations with the British going.

In Cannes recently the King talked with a U.S. press agent about what might be done to make the King appear more



NAZLI & FATHIA
Right of home in Beverly Hills.

likable to Americans. There are plenty of things Americans cannot be expected to like about Farouk. There are also plenty of things Farouk cannot be expected to like about the U.S.—notably its support of Israel and its superficial and insufficient policy in the Middle East. Current U.S. policy in Egypt consists of 1) a trickle of Point Four aid; 2) Fulbright fellowships; 3) a sort of passive collaboration with the British; 4) the hope that on his return from his honeymoon Farouk will buckle down to being a better King. With such a record the U.S. is in a bad position to criticize the King for not doing more.

Says an Egyptian editor: "The democracies seem intent on missing every bus. They missed the bus in Iran. Will we be getting a Harriman mission in Egypt when it is too late? There should be more than Harriman missions."

GREAT BRITAIN Vivified Vitality

Under austerity and Socialism, Britons have been getting their pep and stamina less & less from good old-fashioned beefsteak, more & more from vitamin pills. Last week it seemed as if even their vitamins were letting them down.

This unpleasant news was first uncovered last spring when Birmingham's city analyst, armed with a new \$1,400 spectrophotometer,[®] began testing vitamin products taken from the shelves of Birmingham pharmacies. His report: 42% of the samples "advertised as containing specified amounts of vitamin A" were no good. In some shops, he found vitamin stocks that were 27 years old. In other cases vitamins had lost their punch through being exposed to the sun in window displays, or through being kept in humid closets and drawers.

Last week British drug manufacturers began withdrawing vitamin stocks worth tens of thousands of dollars from stores all over Britain. Customers besieged druggists with half-consumed bottles of oil and pills, most of them bought with the taxpayers' money by Britain's National Health Service, demanding fresh merchandise. Said one Coventry vitamin vitory: "I've suspected all along these pills were no good. Why, three of us came down with flu last winter."

ITALY

Airborne Knights

In the West's efforts to arm Italy against the threat of Red attack, the 1947 Italian Peace Treaty has proved embarrassing: it limits the Italian air force to 350 aircraft. This means that whenever the U.S. delivers new planes to Italy, the government must scrap older planes, although they may still be useful as trainers or

* An instrument which shines a white light through a substance, usually in solution, and measures the light waves absorbed by it. By studying the "absorption pattern," chemists can detect the presence or absence of certain compounds, including many vitamins.



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transports. But the Italian government thought of an ingenious—and legal—dodge: instead of destroying the old planes, it transferred them to the Knights of Malta,* who are theoretically sovereign, issue their own passports, send diplomats to half a dozen Roman Catholic countries. Last week Rome admitted with a broad smile that three years ago the Italian government turned over 36 three-engined Savora-Marchetti bombers to the Knights, who converted them to ambulance planes. Recently, Italy turned 40 more bombers over to the Knights, with more to follow soon. Said an Italian official: "It would be a pity to destroy these perfectly good planes."

SOUTH AFRICA

Ulrich & the Airplane

To 17-year-old Ulrich Leibbrandt an airplane was just about the most exciting thing in the world. Every free moment he had, Ulrich spent at a small airfield near Capetown (used by two aircraft companies for charter flights and flying instruction). There, Ulrich made fast friends with Pilot Peter Lorne and Flying Instructor Dave Worthington, a couple of ex-R.A.F. men, who to Ulrich's delight sometimes took him up for a flip around. It was much more fun than going to school or helping with his headmaster's pet project, i.e., planting grass on the school's playing fields. One day last week Ulrich told his schoolmates: "I hate this silly grass planting. I won't be here on Monday, yet you'll see me."

Solo on Coke. Early Monday morning, carrying a satchel filled with bottles of Coca-Cola and rolls of toilet paper, Ulrich went to the field. No one was about. Ulrich wheeled a shining silver Auster 90-h.p. monoplane out of its hangar, set the controls, turned over the propeller, and crawled into the cockpit. Ulrich had never handled the controls of a plane before, but he had watched his pilot friends. He opened up the throttle, hobbled down the runway, rose bumpily into full flight.

When Pilot Lorne arrived at the field half an hour later, he was puzzled to see the silver monoplane in the sky. Then Lorne noticed something dropping from the plane. It turned out to be a white handkerchief tied to a cardboard container in which Ulrich had placed a message: "Fed up with school, also am dodging appointment with dentist."

Ulrich buzzed off across Capetown's suburbs in the direction of Wynberg Boys High School. Spotting his schoolmates planting grass below, he went into a dive,

* A Roman Catholic order which fought in the Crusades, later defended the island of Rhodes (off the mainland of Turkey) against Moslem pirates. In 1530 Holy Roman Emperor Charles V gave the Knights sovereign control of the island of Malta, which they made one of the ramparts of Christendom. In 1814 the Knights lost Malta to the British, retired to Rome. Today their 5,500 members (including 250 Americans) run 200 hospitals and boys' towns in Europe and Latin America.



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swooped low over their heads. Just to make sure of his objective, he turned his craft around and buzzed the target area a second time. Then he made his bomb run. Smack over his gaping classmates, he dropped the toilet paper, which fluttered in long streamers on the playing field of Wynberg. Ulrich pulled out of his dive at 120 m.p.h., and headed home.

Mission Accomplished. Back at base, Lorne and Worthington had frantically summoned police, the fire brigade and an ambulance. Returning from his mission, Ulrich circled the field and dropped a message saying he would try to land if his friends below would signify—by firing a green Very light—that he would not be punished for his prank. Lorne gave him the green light. Then Ulrich dropped another message: he did not know how to land.

Lorne and Worthington went up in a Piper Cub and, while Worthington took



LORNE

Cape Argus

PILOTS LORNE & WORTHINGTON
Over the playing field, toilet paper.

the controls, Lorne, hanging halfway out of the plane, held up a 3 by 4 ft. board, on which he had scrawled: "Ulric. Please land. Use flaps. Fifty-five miles per hour." When Worthington brought his Cub alongside the Auster, Ulrich went into a mock dogfight, playfully charging the Cub, then swooping off again. Finally, after six clumsy trial runs over the field, each time close to crashing up, Ulrich managed to set his craft down without a bump. He had been in the air 3½ hours, drinking Coke for energy. When his pilot friends rushed to him, they found him in a dead faint, among empty Coca-Cola bottles.

At week's end, Ulrich was still in bed, being treated for shock. Said Headmaster William Bowdon: "I've pointed out to the other boys that when stripped of its glamor Ulrich's action was to take what didn't belong to him and endanger the lives of other people. But the boys still regard him as a hero."

Said Ulrich's mother: "It was very naughty of him. As soon as he's fit, I suppose he'll be back hanging about the aerodrome again."



- 1.** Linguistic Lou, interpreter and guide, agreed to steer three V.I.P.'s from Europe who were on a visit here. He brought them to the Statler. "Can't go wrong on this," said Lou, "it's tops with all Americans, I'm sure you'll like it, too!"



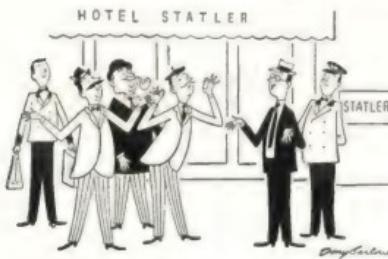
- 2.** "C'est magnifique!" the Frenchman said. "These morsels are divine! I never hoped, so far from France, on such a meal to dine." "Ah, mon ami," said Lou, "you're right—this Statler food is great. It's tasty and served piping hot—the best I ever ate."



- 3.** "Wie geht's and did you sleep as well as I?" the German said. "Sure did," smiled Lou, "and how I hate to leave this Statler bed. Eight hundred thirty-seven springs in Statler mattress are . . . the reason why we schlaf so gut." His friend said, "Wunderbar."



- 4.** "The rino once was stamped in tubs, but this tub's not for wine. So I will sit and soak and sing. Amico, this is fine!" "The water's always hot," said Lou, "the soap is stacked in rows, and note the piles of towels so white—as white as alpine snows."



- 5.** The business district, shops, and shows they found convenient, too. In their excitement English failed, and so they turned to Lou. He listened, then interpreted the thought they wished expressed . . . the Hotel Statler makes you feel you really are a guest!



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THE HEMISPHERE

ARGENTINA

The Answer Is No

No sooner had Evita Perón "bowed to the will of the people" and accepted nomination for Argentina's vice presidency, than speculation began that she might not run after all.

One second thought, the "popular" demand for a Perón-Perón ticket seemed less than overwhelming. Only 250,000, instead of the expected 2,000,000, had turned out for last fortnight's monster meeting at which the Peróns said yes. Some *Peronista* chieftains began to complain that too many traditions were being broken too fast and that the Señora had better restrain her ambitions for a while. At the last minute, moreover, Argentina's soldiers were reported bridling at the unspeakable thought that if Perón should die, a woman would be commander in chief of the Argentine army.

Finally, there was some polite snickering over the possibility that Evita was a victim of her own vanity. Though her own friends vow she is 32, the Argentine *Who's Who*, in a biography dictated by Evita herself, states that she is 29—a year less than the age set by the constitution for candidates for the nation's two top offices. Chirped the New York *Daily News*: "Evita would rather be 29 than Veep."

In the midst of such talk last week, the government radio and press announced that Evita would have something to say. That night, dressed in a severe black suit and a high-necked black blouse, she took microphone in hand. In a voice trembling with emotion, hoarse and strained, she said: "I want to communicate an irrevocable and definite decision to my people, a decision I have taken by myself, to resign the noted honor given me by the open forum of the 22nd."

"I am not resigning my work," she sobbed, "just the honors. I shall continue as a humble collaborator of Perón." All she asked was that history note that "there was a woman alongside General Perón, who took to him the hopes and needs of the people, and her name was Evita."

MEXICO

Shutdown Treatment

Is Mexico, after 25 years of one-party rule, ready for a real two-party election in 1952? Not if what has happened to Independent Presidential Candidate Miguel Henríquez Guzmán is any indication.

General Henríquez, 53, is a strong, silent Old Revolutionary from the Rio Grande border who made \$50 million

building roads on government contracts. Last month, without waiting to see whom President Aleman would name as candidate of the all-powerful Party of Revolutionary Institutions (PRI), the general launched his campaign. He plastered the capital with posters proclaiming, "Henríquez Guzmán—Candidate of the People," and set out to canvass the country.

When he arranged to visit his old army stamping grounds in Nayarit and Colima, he ran straight into the same old trouble that has dogged independents, left, right and center, since the days of the revolution. The merchants of Tepic, the capital



NON-CANDIDATE HIDING CANDIDATE
Just a humble collaborator.

of Nayarit, took ads in all Mexico City newspapers to proclaim: "On the day of your visit we have agreed to shut down all transport, restaurants, hotels and everything else. Placing gratitude to the regime of Miguel Aleman above our private interest, we repudiate agitation."

Undaunted, the general set out for Tepic. Some 3,000 came to hear him, but they had a tough time finding even so much as a tamale for lunch. When members of the general's party posed as tourists in the town market, Indian standkeepers refused to sell to them. In outlying villages, the general's men found restaurants unprovisioned, inns full. Explained one restaurant-keeper: "Governor Flores Muñoz told us yesterday that we were to be out of food, so, señores, I'm out of food today or else I'll be out of food the rest of my life."

As an oldtime PRI stalwart who has dished out stern treatment to political irregulars in his time, Henríquez took the punishment quietly. Things were not likely to get much easier. He still had 26 states to visit, all of them PRI-ruled.

BRAZIL

Land of No Divorce

In most Western nations divorce is legal on grounds of adultery or desertion; various countries have also permitted divorce for sundry other reasons: attending the theater, conspiring against the government, gambling, apostasy, vagrancy, ill humor at the breakfast table. Brazil has always prohibited divorce for any reason whatever. Its constitution makes a legal marriage an indissoluble contract.

Last week, in the Congress at Rio, Deputy Nelson Carneiro argued for a bill which would punch a loophole in the constitution by providing annulments for incompatibility—under strict controls. The impossibility of legally ending a marriage, he believed, was the root of intolerable matrimonial tangles in Brazil. At every pause in his 98-page speech, Carneiro was rebutted by a sharp-witted Roman Catholic priest, Monsignor Arruda Câmara, who is also a Deputy. Monsignor Arruda held out against the slightest relaxation of the constitutional provision. Cried he to Carneiro: "Where the constitution says 'marriage is an indissoluble tie,' Your Excellency says 'dissoluble.' Where the constitution says 'no,' Your Excellency says 'yes.'"

In arguing for loosening the law, Carneiro had in mind the evasions which estranged Brazilians have practiced for years. The rich are frequently divorced and remarried abroad.

Those who cannot afford to travel often get Uruguayan and Mexican divorces through Rio lawyers. Other Brazilians separated from their spouses simply move a new "wife" into the house without any semblance of divorce or new marriage. This happens even in top society. A decade ago, Francisco Campos, a cabinet minister, split from his wife and living with another woman, offered a brilliant formal reception, held his mistress' arm, and announced, "From now on our friends will consider us married." The friends did.

Because Brazil is 95% Roman Catholic, the disagreement over divorce was within the religious family. Carneiro himself is a Catholic. He and those who favor his annulment plan simply see a distressing picture of Brazil's matrimonial affairs and propose a cure—legal annulments after five years of legal separation. Those who oppose divorce say that "if it is bad without divorce, it would be worse with it." The church points to relatively successful divorce societies in Argentina and Colombia, remembers that it fought down divorce proposals in Brazil in 1937 and

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Associated Press; Maurice Burek/Munichausen Star
BARBARA ANN SCOTT & SONJA HENIE

The hula would have to be explored.

1946. Bishop Vicente Scherer of the state of Rio Grande do Sul called for "prayers to God to take away from Brazil the calamity which threatens Christian families." Defeat seemed likely for Carneiro's bill.

COSTA RICA Medal for Otilio

Around the Caribbean, where some governments change violently and others never seem to change at all, little Costa Rica (pop. 800,875) has the firmest grip on democracy. Its citizens like their Presidents elected, their press free, their schools strong. They feel no need for an army but will rise in arms when they must. A citizen army, under Coffee Planter José Figueres, fought in 1948 to stop a scheming government from keeping an elected President, Otilio Ulate, out of office. Figueres won handily, and, as promised, turned the government back to Ulate. Since then, President Ulate has run the republic in the way its democratic citizens like.

Last week President Harry Truman sent Under Secretary of State Edward Miller to San José, the cool, green capital of Costa Rica. There, amidst the yellow silk tapestries of the one-story Foreign Office, Miller pinned on a beaming, weeping Ulate the U.S. white-&gold Legion of Merit in the highest grade for "exceptionally meritorious conduct" in office.

CANADA

Rank on the Rink

Ever since she won the Olympic figure-skating championship in 1948 and turned professional, Ottawa-born Barbara Ann Scott has seen her career dogged by a delicate but unanswered question: Is she as good an exhibition skater as Sonja Henie? Last week it looked as though the question might soon be answered. Entrepreneur Arthur M. Wirtz dropped Sonja from

his Hollywood Ice Revue and signed up Barbara Ann instead.

In Chicago, Wirtz said he replaced Sonja, who had been on his payroll for 15 years, because she repeatedly delayed signing a new contract. Barbara Ann, Canada's favorite, will open this season's tour early in November—after a ten-day engagement at Zurich—at a take of about \$100,000 a year. Said Wirtz: "I've never seen Barbara Ann, but everyone tells me she's the coming skater of this era . . . Will she be able to match the Henie hula? That's something we'll have to explore."

In New York, Sonja announced that she planned to launch an ice show of her own. In London, where she is appearing in the ice show, *Rose Marie*, Barbara Ann demurely declined to unsheathe the first claw, but her press agent let go a swipe: "Barbara Ann is following in Sonja's footsteps with a vengeance. She has such perfect legs compared with Sonja's."

The Boom

Behind the massive, grimy walls of the Toronto Stock Exchange last week, the quotations flashing across an illuminated screen spelled out record news. The key index of 20 industrial securities jumped to a high of 347.55—well above the peak of 338.62 reached during last winter's bull market and by far the highest reading since the index was established in 1934.

The spurt, helped along by the threat of renewed fighting in Korea, reflected the booming expansion of Canada's economy to meet the needs of Western defense. Since the beginning of the year, the value of listed stocks on the Toronto exchange has climbed from \$10.2 billion to \$12 billion. Last week, with the announcement of a new ore discovery, Quebec Copper soared from \$1.35 to \$2.95. Canadian Pacific, Canada Cement and the Aluminum Company of Canada all hit new 1951 highs.

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Kith & Kin

In Washington, Chief Justice Fred M. Vinson had a hearty greeting for a new lawyer: his son, Fred Jr. A graduate of Washington and Lee University, he had just passed the District of Columbia bar exams and was ready to hang out his shingle. His mother hoped that he would stick to private practice. Said Mrs. Vinson: "He was considering going into Government for experience, but I hope he won't. I've had enough of Government service in our family."

Near Freehold, N.J., police stopped a hitchhiker carrying a bundle of leaves that looked suspiciously like marijuana, and discovered the hiker was Playwright Eugene O'Neill's son Shane, 31, released two years ago from the U.S. narcotics hospital in Lexington, Ky. The leaves turned out to be harmless weeds, but O'Neill was sentenced to 15 days in jail for hitchhiking.

Clutching the hand of her father Dr. Peter Lindstrom as they stepped off the plane at New York's Idlewild Airport, little Pia (Jenny Ann) once again faced a group of curious reporters. Could she tell them about the meeting with her mother Ingrid Bergman? "Please, she's only twelve," said her father, and proceeded to answer the questions himself. She had spent eight days with her mother in London; he had had a "cordial" meeting with her, too.

Michael Mann, 34, youngest son of Author Thomas Mann (see Books), chose the Santa Monica High School auditorium for his American debut as a concert violist when he returns from Austria this month. Scheduled to share the program with him: Pianist Yaltah Menuhin, sister of Violinist Yehudi Menuhin.



PIA LINDSTROM & FATHER
Mother was cordial.

In Los Angeles, John Joseph Pershing, 19, fifth cousin of the late great General John J. ("Black Jack") Pershing, signed on for a hitch in the Navy. Said he: "I want to learn a trade and I figure the Navy is the best place."

In London, George Mansfield, 39, farmer and naturalized British subject since 1945, filed for the right to resume his full and legal name: Prince Friedrich Georg Wilhelm Christof von Preussen. Said the grandson of Kaiser Wilhelm II: "It is only a question of establishing legally my correct family name and title. The name Mansfield was merely a convenience in my business dealings on the farm."

Brass & Bounce

At Washington's Bolling Air Force Base, with a squadron of jets rumbling in salute overhead, General George C. Kenney, 62, commander of MacArthur's



Associated Press
GENERAL VANDENBERG & KENNEY
Undertakers were warned.

air forces in World War II, took his last review, got some final honors for 34 years of service. Chief of Staff General Hoyt S. Vandenberg pinned a second Oak Leaf Cluster to Kenney's Distinguished Service Medal for the past three years as head of the Air University, then added another medal, the Legion of Merit, for his service (1946) as senior U.S. member on the United Nations Military Staff Committee. From Secretary of Defense General George C. Marshall came a personal letter. Said Airman Kenney, World War I combat pilot and one of the last of his breed on active duty in the Air Force: "I don't know what I'm going to do or where I'm going to be. But if you hear anybody say I'm going to sit on a front porch, you'd better call the nearest undertaker and tell him to stock up on embalming fluid. He's going to need it."

Britain's Foreign Secretary Herbert Morrison finished his Scandinavian holiday by eating a codfish and champagne lunch with Queen Louise and King



© London Daily Herald

SIR STAFFORD & LADY CRIPPS
Doctors were amazed.

Gustaf VI of Sweden at their Sofiero summer palace. King Gustaf apologized for the main dish, explaining that even a royal fisherman must dine on what he catches. Said he: "It should have been tunny fish, which we were out to get this morning, but we caught 15 codfish instead."

The Duke of Windsor agreed to make his first public appearance in London since he abdicated nearly 15 years ago. His role: guest of honor at a publishers' banquet celebrating the British edition of his memoirs.

In Texas City, Texas, when 150 curious citizens turned out to see the trial of Houston's wealthy Oilmann **Glenn McCarthy**, charged with reckless driving, the justice of the peace ordered the hearing moved to the city hall auditorium. There, in festive fashion, the spectators drank pop, rolled the bottles down the aisle, heard the justice fine McCarthy \$5 plus costs. The sting was poulticed later by inviting the defendant to attend Texas City's fair next week. McCarthy not only agreed to come, but said he would lead the parade, riding on a Palomino pony.

After a Salzburg recital, at which courteous critics favorably compared her personality with that of France's **Mistinguett** but tactfully omitted mention of her voice, oldtime Opera Diva **Maria Jeritza**, now a mellow 63, arrived in Vienna. Looking forward to hearing her try another comeback next week, enthusiastic fans swarmed the streets; a band serenaded her hotel until she stepped out on the balcony and threw garlands of flowers to the crowd. Her husband, a Newark umbrella manufacturer, was doing his part to help the buildup. He had already given away 10,000 umbrellas to his wife's admirers.

In Atlanta, oldtime Cinemactor **François X. Bushman** asked to be driven to

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the capitol grounds for a look at the statue of Confederate General **John B. Gordon**. Explained Bushman, recalling his days as an artist's model at \$10 a pose, "I've always wanted to see him. I posed for his body but they added General Gordon's head."

Quiet Zone

On the grounds of a Zurich clinic, photographers got a picture they had given up hope of getting: a shot of **Sir Stafford Cripps**, looking older and ravaged by pain, but on his feet again. His response to treatment for a tubercular spine condition also amazed his doctors, who predicted that he would be able to leave for his home in England within a month.

In Detroit, **Henry Ford II** explained that his wife had been bedridden for six days by polio, but was up and around again "with no known effects as the result of this very mild attack."

Mrs. Charles W. Tobey, who has been nursing her husband, Senator Tobey, back to health after his stroke two months ago, slipped, fell in her Temple, N.H. home and fractured her hip.

Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore received two VIP patients. After a visit to the White House to sign the Philippine-U.S. defense pact, President **Epidio Quirino** hustled over to a four-room suite for a check on how he was recovering from last year's kidney-stone operation. **Señora María Delgado Odria**, wife of Peru's President, arrived for a thorough physical exam.

On vacation in Nantucket, Oklahoma Senator **Mike Monroney** checked in for a checkup at the local hospital to find out what was making him so weary. He had one clue: "There certainly is a lot more work to being a Senator than a Congressman."

The Dreamland Set

Each in his own way, Hollywood luminaries were facing up to life's problems:

In Beverly Hills, **Cesar Romero** flunked a sobriety test after wrapping his Cadillac around another car; a few drinks later, a few blocks away, **Bruce Cabot** wrapped his Cadillac around a tree.

A Los Angeles judge gave **John Agar**, ex-husband of Shirley Temple, five months in jail for persistent drunken driving.

When his boat hit a log and capsized in the Snake River rapids of Wyoming, **Van Heflin** considered himself lucky to escape with a bruised body and rock-slashed face.

At Lake Tahoe, Nev., singing his way through his six weeks' required divorce residence, **Frank Sinatra** scoffed at reports that he had taken an overdose of sleeping pills. Grumbled the crooner: "I just had a bellyache; suicide is the farthest thought from my mind."

Charging extreme cruelty, "entirely mental in character," **Rita Hayworth's** lawyers filed the papers on "Margarita Cansino Khan v. Aly Salmons Khan" in the Reno divorce court, leaving the matter of a settlement for daughter **Yasmin** up to the court.

SCIENCE

Closest to Space

On the morning of Aug. 15 (as the Navy told about it last week), William Barton Bridgeman, Douglas Aircraft Co. test pilot, climbed into a B-29, sat down in its crew's quarters as it took off from Edwards Air Force Base on Muroc Dry Lake, Calif. Under the bomber's belly hung Bill Bridgeman's own baby: the milk-white Douglas Skyrocket, slim, needle-nosed, with four rocket motors.

When the B-29's Pilot George Jensen got the bomber up to 20,000 ft., the crew topped off the rocket plane's tanks with 45 gallons of "lox" (liquid oxygen), fuming and fiercely cold. That much lox had



Associated Press

PILOT BRIDGEMAN

With a "bloof" and a "schplunk."

evaporated since the tanks were filled on the ground, and this climax flight would need every gallon. At 25,000 ft., three men lowered Bridgeman, bulky with his high-altitude gear, into the Skyrocket's cockpit.

Pinpoint Breakaway. At 35,000 ft., Pilot Jensen chanted the breakaway signal: 5-4-3-2-1. Then, as the Skyrocket dropped, the B-29 banked sharply to the left. Bridgeman was on his own. With bare hands (no gloves for this critical job), he flicked four switches in quick sequence. Each switch fired a rocket chamber. They made a curious sound—a "bloof" and a "schplunk," as Bridgeman describes it. A trail of dense white vapor streamed out from the tail. Ten seconds after the drop, Bridgeman was speeding faster than sound. He did not even feel this "passing through the fence."

Bridgeman pulled back on the stick until the fuselage angle pointed up about 50°. He watched his altimeter, accelerometer, air-speed indicator, his cabin temperature and rocket pressure gauges. His

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world had contracted to the artificial world of the instruments. He was climbing at more than 1,000 m.p.h., and burning fuel at the rate of a ton a minute.

One by one, the Skyrocket passed altitude records: the top flight of jet planes (59,446 ft.); his own earlier records (secret). Finally he passed the highest of all: the record 72,393-ft. balloon flight of ballooning Captain Orvil A. Anderson* and the late Captain Albert W. Stevens in 1935. Just how high he got, the Navy would not say. Aviation gossip believes that the Skyrocket reached an altitude of more than 77,000 ft. (nearly 15 miles).

Highest & Fastest. This made Pilot Bridgeman the highest human. As the Skyrocket rounded the turn at the top of its flight, he was probably the fastest too; his speed exceeded 1,000 m.p.h. by a wide margin. For a moment he had time to look around. The sky was dark blue, "but not as dark as advertised. It wasn't purple, just a nice heavy blue. The land seemed blurred, and although I believe I saw the curvature of the earth, I cannot be sure that I did."

Then came the long plunge down. At first the little white airplane fell like a meteor. Gradually, as the air grew firmer, Bridgeman flattened her out, to 40°, then 30°. The enormous speed died gradually. As he went back through the speed of sound he felt a jolt, but it did not amount to much.

When Bridgeman landed on Muroc Dry Lake (at 180 m.p.h.), his work with the Skyrocket was done. She had passed her last test and would now be turned over to the Navy and National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics for research. He is sorry that he must leave her. "I believe she can go much higher," he said affectionately, "and fly much faster."

* Who as a major general went into retirement eight months ago after he had set off an international dustup by advocating a preventive war on the U.S.S.R.

But in the Douglas hangar is a new, untested, and even more powerful rocket plane, the X-3. Bridgeman looks forward to coaxing this new favorite 20 miles above the earth.

Electronic Strategy

Conventional war games are played on maneuver-area battlefields with sweat, dust, mud, and all the roaring, dangerous machines of modern war. Last week at Wright-Patterson Air Force Base, Dayton, quiet men in a quiet room were playing another sort of strategic war game. The only battle noise was the click of switches as electric impulses flashed through intricate circuits.

Simulated Notions. Wright-Patterson's electronic "air war simulator," developed by Brigadier General Leighton L. Davis, head of the Air Force's Institute of Technology, is based on a rarefied kind of mathematics: the Von Neumann theory of games. It is essentially an analog computer (a tangle of vacuum tubes) that can be set up to simulate two warring nations, each with its cities, factories, fuel dumps, pipelines, air bases, stocks of bombs and fleets of bombers and fighters. All these elements are linked together electronically through the computing circuits. Damage to an "airplane plant" reduces the replacement rate of airplanes, and this shows up on the machine's dials. Each "strike" costs a certain number of bombers, bombs, fuel and men.

The game is played on an accelerated time scale; ten seconds usually equal one day of war. Each side is given elaborate information about its own possibilities and resources, but no more intelligence about its opponent than is apt to be available in a genuine war.

The object of the game is to cut the enemy down to size in the most strateg'c and efficient manner. A team may decide that the best way to do this is to attack industrial centers, or airfields, or lines of communication. It may use plentiful TNT

bombs for some targets and costly but destructive A-bombs for others. It may make many heavy strikes at the start of the war, or try the technique of saving much of its strength until the enemy has expended some of his.

Zero at Last. As each move is made by working the proper switches, the computing mechanism figures mathematically just how much damage has been done to the enemy's air power. A smashed airfield, for instance, weakens him at once, but the damage is soon repaired. When a factory is blasted, the effect is not felt for a while, but it lasts much longer. The side that has lost its defensive fighter bases is penalized by heavier losses when enemy bombers strike. By well-planned moves a skillful team can reduce its opponent to near-helplessness long before his war machine has been destroyed in detail.

As the switches click in the quiet room, cities and industrial centers of both sides turn to electronically simulated rubble. Stockpiles are exhausted. Air bases grow empty of airplanes and bomb dumps empty of bombs. At last the needle of one dial creeps down to zero. This means that one of the contenders—blasted, paralyzed, probably radioactive—has lost all its air power. The game is over.

How Eggs Grow

At the University of Tennessee's Oak Ridge experiment station, hens fed with mildly radioactive mash are laying radioactive eggs. This tracer technique, the university said last week, has helped its poultry scientists to follow the intimate workings of the hen's egg-making machinery. By skilled use of Geiger counters, they can follow the "hot" feed as it circulates inside the hen. They can measure it accurately as it forms into an egg.

A new-laid egg, say the scientists, contains material derived from feed that the hen ate as long as 40 days before. It takes eight to ten days to form a complete egg. Most of this time (about seven days) is spent in the making of the yolk. The shell is a quickly built container. Nearly 75% of the mineral in it comes from feed that the hen ate the previous day.

Poison Perches

For two seasons a team of Cornell entomologists virtually lived with flies, doing their field work mostly in buzzing cowsheds. Like consumer-preference researchers, they tried to find what sort of perch flies like to settle upon. After long observation and many trials they decided that 2-in. strips of metal screening tacked to the ceiling are what flies like best.

Then the researchers dipped their screening strips in dieldrin, a powerful, non-evaporating fly poison, and tacked them up again. The flies took refuge on them in swarms—and died in five seconds. The poison remained effective for more than 16 weeks, slaying battalions of flies. The Cornell scientists believe that this anti-fly tactic is better than indiscriminate spraying of dairy barns and yards. The poison stays on the screening, never strays into the milk.



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Resonance Heresy

From now on, Soviet chemists will have to watch their test tubes more carefully than ever; heresy may be lurking in any one of them. Last week the California Institute of Technology issued a report on how a theory developed by CalTech's outstanding chemist, Professor Linus Pauling, had been the downfall of four leading Soviet chemists.

The Pauling resonance theory of chemical bonds is of little interest to the toiling masses. It uses the difficult methods of quantum mechanics to explain how the "resonance" (internal vibrations) of atoms makes them join together into molecules. Parts of the theory are still to be worked out, but other parts have been embedded



MARYLAND
CALTECH'S PAULING
His theory was dangerous—for others.

in advanced textbooks for years. Biochemists rely on it to understand the complex molecules in living cells.

Soviet chemists, in all innocence, had been doing the same. Two of them, Y. K. Syrkin and M. E. Dyatkin, published a well-regarded textbook, *The Chemical Bond and the Structure of Molecules*, that is based almost entirely upon the resonance theory. Recently they got their comeuppance, when they were violently denounced in *Pravda*. At a scientific conference they and two sympathizers were censured by a dutiful vote of 400 colleagues. The charge: that they applied the principles "of the harmful resonance theory in their research," and failed to give "a comprehensive criticism of this idealistic teaching."

CalTech suspects that Dr. Pauling's theory was excoriated chiefly for nationalistic reasons. The Russians have 19th Century Chemist Alexander Mikhailovich Butlerov, whom they would like to credit with the discovery of the nature of chemical bonds. The work of Pauling and other Western chemists may stand in the way of this rewriting of scientific history.

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RELIGION

Columnist's Chapel

When the war was over, Newspaperman Clarence Dirks did what most other city people just talk about doing. He settled down on a little farm to raise cows, chickens and fruit.

He was as green at it as a stock character in a rural comedy; killing a chicken was a new and horrible experience, and at first, he ate a comb of honey a day, until he found he could sell them for 55¢. The pittance Dirks got from his 76 acres on Camano Island in Puget Sound would have sent most men back to the city, but



Jerry Hannifin

CLARENCE DIRKS AT WORK
It began with \$1 and faith.

he eked out his farming by kidding himself in a column ("City Bred Farmer") for the Seattle *Post-Intelligencer*. He signed off each column with the number of eggs he had collected that day.

Things Not Seen. One day in 1949, things got too much for Clarence Dirks. The farm seemed to be a failure, he hadn't sold a story for five months, his wife had been temporarily committed to a mental hospital. He did something he had never done before: he went to church and prayed. And it worked; faith and the love of God flooded in upon him, and from then on everything in his life seemed different.

In one of his columns, Dirks wrote about Camano's little frame church and two of the people who kept it going—Sunday-school Teacher Mrs. Mertie Best ("a saint in a house dress") and Pastor Walter Jerome Wheeler. "How much nicer and more convenient it would be, say," he wrote, "if a church were located closer

at hand. Perhaps in a grove of hemlock where the cleared land descends toward the blue channel water; somewhere, where the kindly Sunday-school teacher would not have so far to go . . . Last night the Farmer [Dirks] could contain himself no longer. He visited Mr. Wheeler, who said: 'If a fund was started to build a small church, I certainly wouldn't oppose it. But remember ours is a small community. Just now, it takes all the Sunday collection to run the children's bus.'

"Faith, the Good Book says, is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen. 'Things,' in this connection, might still be a new little church. Eggs collected: three."

Miracle in the Woods. Next day a woman in Seattle sent in a dollar. "Have faith," she wrote. Other dollars followed (\$9,474 to date), and Clarence Dirks set to work to build Camano Chapel, as he called it. Nearby farmers, carpenters, plumbers, even visitors from the city lent a hand. A lumber company gave cedar logs, which were hauled out of the forest, free, by a trucker, sized and split by two roofers in return for the butts, which the chapel could not use. Seattle hotel and restaurant men gave enough money for a \$2,500 organ. One rainy day, when Dirks needed 28 men to help pour the concrete foundations, exactly 28 turned up. The last man to arrive was from North Dakota; he had read about the chapel, on the mainland, and decided to come over and help. "It's a miracle in the woods," said Dirks.

Last week, interdenominational Camano Chapel was dedicated with a soundproof "crying room" for mothers with babies. Eight hundred people came to the dedication, and 3,000 turned up three days later when Evangelist Billy Graham came over for a visit. Big, rugged (6 ft., 2 in., 220 lbs.) Clarence Dirks, 48, was about as happy as a newspaperman—or even a farmer—could be. But he couldn't say anything at all when one of his farmer neighbors read a poem about him, and said: "Clarence Dirks is a good man, beloved by his neighbors."

Words of the Week

"We moderns are contemptuous of outward appearance; it does not follow that we are humble. Clothes, after all, are only (as it were) a sacramental manifestation of the instinct we all have, to hide our defects from the world's scrutiny. The 'folly of the Cross,' the placarding of our human weakness, is something more intimate than the mere stripping off of outward paraphernalia."

"It means being ready to let the world see you as the fool whom God sees, whenever a suitable occasion arises. And it is humiliating to think how much of our unpublished thought process is devoted to doing just the opposite—trying to put ourselves in the right, to mask our ignorances, to explain away our failures, to pretend that the *gafe* meant something

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else. Oh, we laugh at ourselves in private, that costs us nothing. We even amuse our friends, and cultivate a reputation for modesty, by dwelling on the record of our own discomfits—afterwards, when we are in safe company. But really to put aside our self-esteem, and follow, stripped, in the footsteps of a striped Master—that is a rarer gift."

—Mser. Ronald Knox in *Stimuli* (Sheed & Ward, \$2.25), published this week.

John of the Cross

Some of the most soaring religious poetry ever written was composed by a tiny 16th Century Spanish monk called Juan de la Cruz—John of the Cross. From his bald head to the soles of his sandals, John was a contemplative, shy, silent mystic.

Though action, and particularly rebellious action, went much against his grain, his friend St. Teresa of Avila enlisted him in her crusading reform of the Carmelite



JUAN DE LA CRUZ

One love song inspired another.

order. Anti-reform monks kidnapped and imprisoned him in a cell in Toledo's Carmelite priory for eight months, where he was taken out once a day to eat crusts and water on the refectory floor, and kneel while the monks tried to change his mind by walking in a circle around him, lashing his bare back with leather whips.

One evening, a voice singing a love song in the street outside inspired him to a love poem of his own—love for God. The poems he went on to write have become classics of mystical poetry. A new edition, published last week, *Poems of St. John of the Cross* (Pantheon, \$2.25), includes the original Spanish, as well as an exceptionally successful English translation by South African Poet Roy Campbell. Sample:

*I live without inhabiting
Myself—in such a wise that I
Am dying that I do not die.*

*This life I live in vital strength
Is loss of life unless I win You:
And thus to die I shall continue
Until in You I live at length.
Listen (my God!) my life is in You.
This life I do not want, for I
Am dying that I do not die.*

Boys & Girls Together

The boys & girls who jostled into Purdue University's Music Hall last week looked like ordinary small-town kids about to see a western. They wore ankle socks and saddle shoes, sweat shirts outside their trousers, hairribbons, skull caps. But it was not a western they had come to see. Suddenly, some of them began to hum "Glory, Glory! Hallelujah!" In clear, young voices, the whole 5,000 took it up, and the auditorium was transformed into a meeting house.

For five days, the National Convocation of Methodist Youth was in full



SMITH JAMESON JONES JR.
"We grow a little chain reaction."

throat and full swing at Lafayette, Ind. "I wonder what you have to do not to get applause in this crowd," said one speaker, after they had applauded him for sneezing. "I noticed last night that we even applauded after prayer."

But the sum total of the conference added up to something like a religious experience for many of them. Its organizer, president and precocious patriarch, pole-tall (6 ft. 3 in.) Smith Jameson Jones Jr., who at 22 is already an important figure in U.S. Methodism, did his best to put it into words. "The very size of the conference makes it wonderful for them. Back home they're bobby-soxers, maybe not too interested in the church. For one week they are transformed . . .

"The jolt a young person gets here will help him to build his youth group at home. We grow a little chain reaction. They won't forget that they were here with 5,000 kids like themselves . . ."

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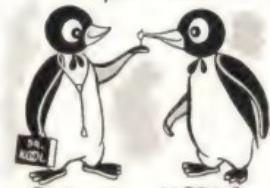
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Capsules

¶ In Utah County, Utah, where the polio rate has been high this summer, one group of youngsters is now getting injections of a blood particle known as gamma globulin; a second group, dummy shots. Purpose: to see whether gamma globulin, which is especially rich in natural antibodies, will do for humans what it seems to do for laboratory animals—prevent virulent polio strains from leading to paralysis.

¶ Two Boston doctors had encouraging news for rheumatic fever victims: of 1,000 cases studied, 605 were still alive (and most of them leading completely normal lives) 20 years after the disease hit.

¶ After testing 280 Air Force recruits, Johns Hopkins psychologists advised draft

doctors began getting calls from people complaining of heartburn, stomach cramps and fever chills. At first, they thought it was a mild epidemic of meat poisoning. But the calls kept flooding in. By Monday, 70 houses in the village had become tiny hospitals, with most of their families in bed. Then the doctors found their first clue: every one of the patients had eaten bread from the shop of Baker Roch Briand. All eight of Pont-Saint-Esprit's bakeries were ordered temporarily shut.

Red Flowers & Molten Lead. That night the first man died in convulsions. Later, two men who had seemed to be recovering dashed through the narrow streets shouting that enemies were after them. A small boy tried to throttle his mother. Gendarmes went from house to house, col-



Jim Whitmore—LIFE

BURIAL OF BREAD VICTIMS IN PONT-SAINT-ESPRIT
A disease so old it had almost been forgotten.

boards not to "judge a book by the cover": men with trembling hands often perform better under pressure than those who turn up for induction placidly composed.

¶ In California, the Lions Clubs are buying lighted walking sticks (\$7.50 apiece, with batteries) and giving them away to the blind. The inventor: William A. Causton of San Jose, who could not forget the sight of a blind man trying to cross a busy street at night.

St. Anthony's Fire

Not in years had France seen such rain. Farmers slogged stolidly out to their fields to harvest the sodden crops, mill the grain and send it on its way. In little (pop. 4,400) Pont-Saint-Esprit, perched on a bluff along the River Rhône in southern France, the townspersons sat glumly in their bistros sipping wine, watching the swollen river slip past the medieval bridge which gives the town its name.

Then, without warning, pain and sudden death clutched Pont-Saint-Esprit. On a Saturday night three weeks ago, the town's

lecting pieces of the deadly bread to be sent to Marseille for analysis. Among the stricken, delirium rose: patients thrashed wildly on their beds, screaming that red flowers were blossoming from their bodies, that their heads had turned to molten lead. Pont-Saint-Esprit's hospital reported four attempts at suicide.

What was the mysterious madness? Pont-Saint-Esprit speculated that the village idiot had hexed Baker Briand's flour, that the flour had been packed in fertilizer sacks, that rats in the grain elevator had contaminated the flour. The police knew better. They had traced the flour back from Briand's bakeshop through the government-controlled flour depot to a mill near Poitiers, nearly 300 miles away.

The Parasite. Last week the word came back from the police laboratory: "We have identified a vegetable alkaloid having the toxic and biological characteristics of ergot, a cereal parasite." Pont-Saint-Esprit had been stricken by ergot poisoning, a medieval disease as old as its proud bridge, so old that it had almost been for-

gotten. Modern medicine knows about ergot, but has rarely seen it in the form of an epidemic disease.* It is a black fungus that grows on wet grain, contains chemicals that powerfully affect the blood vessels and the nervous system. Doctors often use ergot extracts to start contractions in the uterus in childbirth.

In the Middle Ages, growing uncontrollably in wet summers, ergot was no such helpful friend. The disease was called "St. Anthony's Fire," and raged periodically through Europe. Monastic chroniclers wrote of agonizing burning sensations, of feet and hands blackened like charcoal, of vomiting, convulsions and death. Whole villages were driven mad. That, in effect, was what had happened to Pont-Saint-Esprit in 1951.

By week's end, French police had found the miller who ground the ergot-laden rye and a man who acknowledged selling him the grain, charged them both with involuntary homicide. In Pont-Saint-Esprit, the toll of illness passed 200; four had died, 28 were still on the critical list. France considered itself lucky: all the contaminated grain seemed to have gone into that one bag of flour delivered to Baker Roch Briand.

Crying: Pre-Natal

Doctors at Sacred Heart Hospital in Hanford, Calif., could hardly believe their ears: a 24-year-old housewife, eight months pregnant, arrived one morning last week and announced that her unborn baby was crying. The doctors listened. Sure enough, faint wails were coming from the fetus. The phenomenon, which may result when air reaches a baby through prematurely ruptured membranes, is not unknown, but it has rarely occurred so early. Except that the wails made her a little "nervous," the patient was feeling fine, looking forward to a normal delivery in a few weeks.

Neurosurgery Up Forward

At 11 o'clock one morning last week, the heavy tread of a Chinese artillery barrage marched across a Korean hillside near the 38th parallel. Sitting in a slit trench, a U.S. private caught the blast of a shell exploding in front of him. A tiny, singing splinter drove through his skull and lodged in his brain. In the foggy depths of consciousness, the private heard his buddy screaming, "Medics, damn it! Medics!"

Eleven hours later, the private was resting comfortably between the clean sheets of a U.S. Army evacuation hospital near Seoul. The faithful medics had brought him down from his bloody hill by litter jeep, taken him to a mobile field hospital where a helicopter whirled him off for neurosurgery at the evacuation hospital. The surgeons deftly chipped away some of the skull, carefully picked and washed the dirt, bone splinters and hair from the missile track in his brain, and sewed him up again. The splinter it-

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* The last verified epidemic in France was in 1866. It has never been reported in the U.S.



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DR. MEIROVSKY

Easy on morphine, heavy on courage. Self, about five millimeters square, was left untouched; to remove it would have meant damaging unharmed tissue, and experience has shown that it will soon be covered with scar tissue and cause no trouble. At week's end, the private was completely lucid and feeling fine.

The Early Days. The men he owes his life to are the medics and surgeons of the Army's 1st Provisional Neurosurgical Detachment and its trim, brown-haired commander, Lieut. Colonel Arnold M. Meirovsky. In the early days in Korea, it often took a week or more before a man with a delicate head wound could be gotten to a neurosurgeon back in Tokyo. The chances of infection are great in head and spinal wounds; too many of the first cases died or suffered crippling paralysis. Nowadays, thanks to forward-area teams, wounded men are being treated in a matter of hours.

When Colonel Meirovsky first proposed such teams last year, higher echelons frowned on the idea. It was felt that skilled nerve men are too hard to come by to risk exposing them in combat areas, that intricate operations cannot be performed in field hospitals. Meirovsky, 41, a German-born neurosurgeon who volunteered for active duty, refused even to consider the first objection. He argued until the Army agreed to let him "study" the possibilities.

At the height of the retreat from the Chosin Reservoir last winter, Meirovsky arrived at Hambung with a duffel bag full of instruments. He elbowed some space in a field hospital, persuaded a peacetime obstetrician to team up with him, and got to work. By the time the evacuation was over, he had proved his point that brain operations could be performed under combat conditions.

The Three-Man Team. The Army let him set up a three-man team in Taegu. Operating under primitive conditions,

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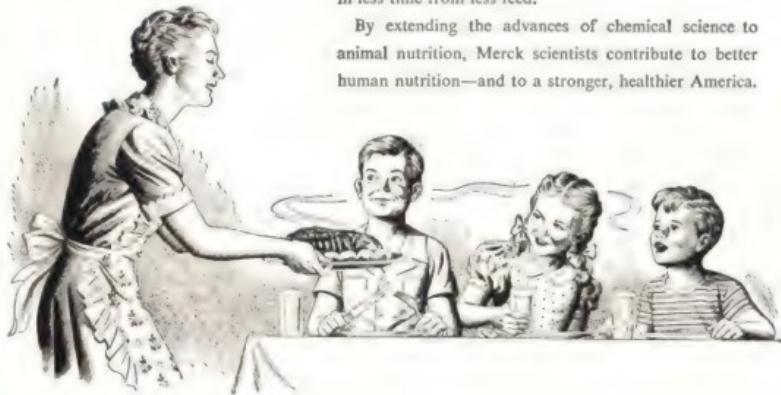


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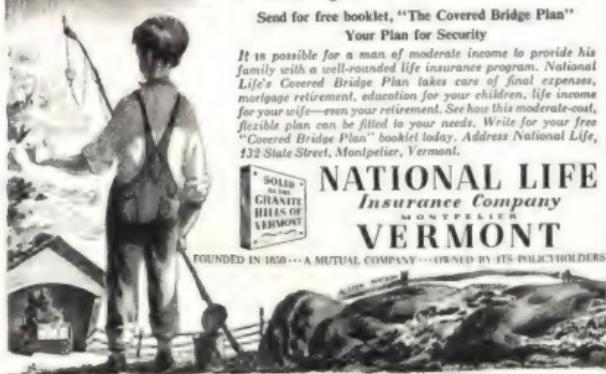
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with the aid of one enlisted man instead of the two trained surgeons civilian doctors are used to, his surgeons performed 108 operations in the first three weeks of the spring offensive.

Melrowsky shuttled between Japan and Taegu, performing operations at both bases. During lulls, he dashed off by jeep or helicopter to the front to tell medics how to handle brain cases, teaching them to go easy on morphine, so that any complications could be spotted easily. He devised a system of sandwiching paraplegics between two padded litters so that their position could be safely changed by a single quick flip, thus avoiding blood poisoning from bed sores.

By last week, Melrowsky's team had been in Korea for seven months. In that time, the percentage of soldiers arriving back in Japan with infected head and spinal wounds has dropped from 42% to 2%. Says Neurosurgeon Melrowsky: "There's nothing spectacular in any of this. It's just plain hard work."

Sleep, Sleep, Sleep

The trouble with most people, says Psychiatrist David H. Fink of Beverly Hills, is that they just can't relax properly. "In my experience—and it's a lot of experience—I have found that the quickest way to help people learn to manage their emotional patterns easily is to teach them to relax their muscles as will." Since 1943, a quarter of a million people have bought Dr. Fink's bestselling *Release from Nervous Tension* to find out how to do it. Meanwhile, Dr. Fink has worked out a new wrinkle.

For years, he has been doing his own patients with such droning incantations as, "Arms, relax . . . shoulders, relax . . . eyelids, heavy..." etc. It seemed to help, but Dr. Fink decided that it would help even more if the patient didn't have to put up with the physician in the same room. He made a tape recording of his professional drone. The result was so relaxing that he went to a Hollywood studio, made a recording as therapeutically smooth as possible: organ music, plus such reiterated crooning as "Going to sleep . . . Completely relaxed . . . Arms and legs are heavy, heavy . . . Eyes feel heavy . . . Sleep, sleep, sleep . . ." The studio technicians, Fink noticed happily, had to dose themselves with black coffee to stay awake.

Moreover, says Dr. Fink, copies of the new 18-minute recording worked wonders for heart patients, high-blood-pressure victims and others. A housewife told him she played it while she washed her dishes; a writer, who used to be tense at his desk, used it as a sort of background music while he worked. Says Dr. Fink, who is now planning to put his disk on the market (around \$5): "One thing that helped me was my wife's advice—Talk as though you were speaking to a little child cradled in your arms"—and I did."

Who turns off the record player when the patient dozes off? Says Dr. Fink: "Let the record player alone . . . So what? . . . It will cost about one cent in electricity."



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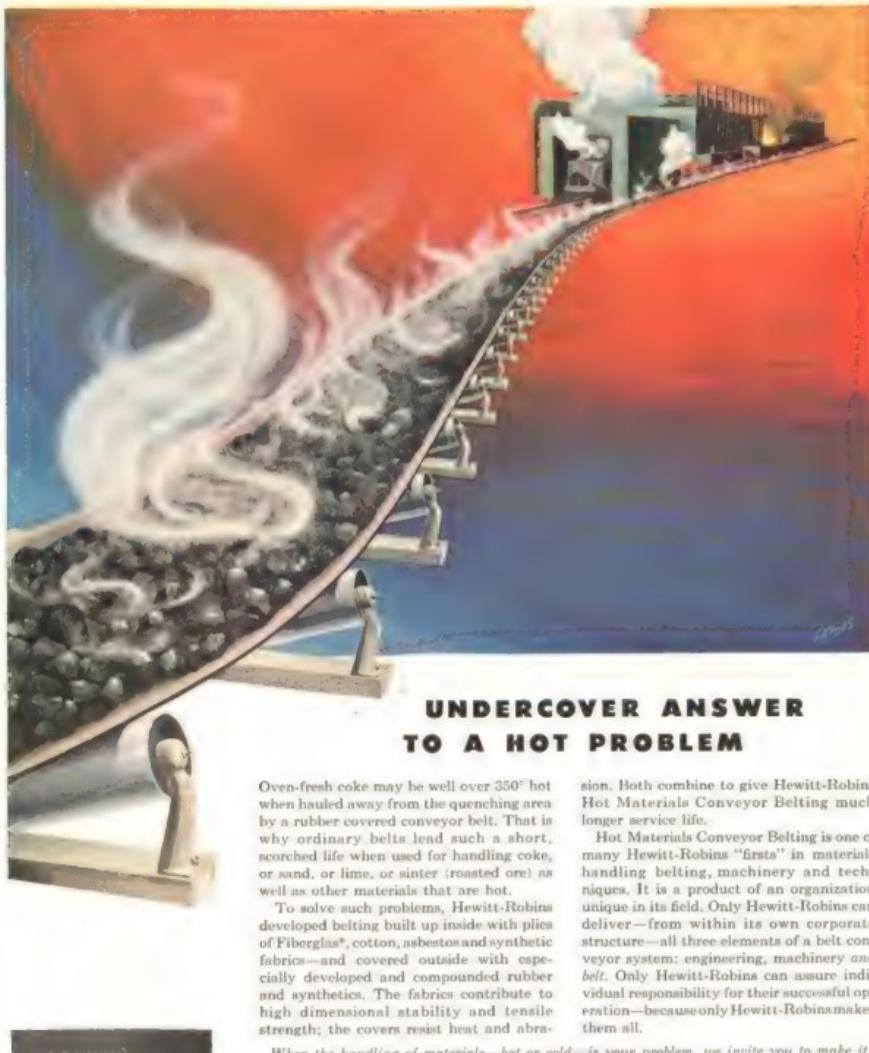
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THE PRESS

Trying Times

The El Paso *Times* (circ. 45,961), which recently printed births under the heading, TRAFFIC ACCIDENTS, slipped again last week. It listed divorces under the head WHERE'S THE FIRE?

Stacked Deck?

When spindly Ken Dixon became managing editor of the daily Lake Charles, La., *American Press* 2½ years ago, the gambling dens of Lake Charles (pop. 41,202) were thriving as mightily as its mushrooming oil and chemical plants. Far into the night, the slot machines clanked and roulette wheels whirred at the Green Frog.



International

EDITOR DIXON

No man to let bad enough alone.

Tommy's Oasis, many another neon-lit saloon along Highway 90. Somehow, the political powers who ran Calcasieu Parish—longtime Judge Mark Pickrel, Sheriff Henry ("Ham") Reid, District Attorney Griffin Hawkins—did not seem to notice what was going on. But Editor Dixon, 36, one-time AP war correspondent and roving INS columnist, is no newcomer to let bad enough alone. With the backing of Publisher Thomas Shearman, he ripped in after gambling.

By last week, his fight had not only closed down Lake Charles gambling; his crusade turned into an even more momentous one—that of the vigilante press v. official corruption.

Dixon started by merely kidding the gamblers in his column, "Charley Lake Says"; later, he began blasting them on Page One. One night as he drove home, someone shot at him, knocked out a headlight of his Ford convertible.

Bar-Room Tour. Meanwhile, the law went on yawning at gambling, and Dixon got action in another way. He helped set

up the People's Action Group, a citizens' committee which sent secret "flying squads" into gaming rooms after evidence. For months they roamed the bars, collecting affidavits of betting in 35 of them, turned the affidavits over to District Attorney Hawkins. Last month, P.A.G. asked a grand jury to charge Ham Reid (the fourth generation Reid to be Calcasieu Parish sheriff) with malfeasance. Gambling suddenly stopped. Hawkins used the affidavits to take 33 barkeeps before Judge Pickrel on gambling charges. The gamblers got off with light fines and suspended jail sentences, and the *American Press* pointed out that suspended sentences are usually given only to first offenders. It spread over six columns of its front page the police records of 15 men whose names were the same as 15 of the gamblers.

Then came the crusher. Last week the grand jury not only refused to indict Ham Reid but, in an astounding bit of legal beagling, it filed slander charges against three P.A.G. members and five *American Pressmen*, including Ken Dixon and Publisher Shearman. The accusation: they had "defamed" three of the local gamblers as well as Sheriff Reid, the district attorney, other officials.

How had gamblers and officials been "defamed"? In printing the gamblers' police records, the paper in its eagerness had listed too many arrests for some of them. The *American Press* had also included arrests of other lawbreakers with the same names. Hawkins chirped that Dixon had maligned him editorially, by accusing the district attorney's staff of "legal double-talk," for failing to back the crusade. Apparently, the charges of "defamation" of other officials had an equally flimsy basis. Said P.A.G. President George Buchanan, a welder: "This is a fight to see whether the racketeer or the law-abiding citizens will run Calcasieu Parish."

"**Different Morals.**" To the good citizens of Calcasieu Parish, alarmed at the corruption in their community, it was more: it was a fight to see whether public officials could gag the press with what seemed to be legal tomfoolery.

As big-city reporters swarmed into Lake Charles to cover the story, District Attorney Hawkins, a gaunt, darting-eyed man, boldly told them: "You people from distant places may have different morals than mine." Seth May, a grand juror who helped indict the scrappy *American Pressmen*, put it another way. Said he to the visiting press: "If Huey Long were alive, you guys wouldn't even be in town."

Disputed Empire

Two of the princes in the late William Randolph Hearst's vast publishing realm moved up last week into top spots their father had held. Son William Randolph Hearst Jr., 43, was elected by its directors to be president of Hearst Consolidated Publications, which directly owns & op-



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erates some Hearst papers, also controls Hearst Publishing Co., which owns most of the rest. Bill Jr., already publisher of the New York *Journal-American* and the *American Weekly*, was also chosen chairman of the vital editorial-policy-setting board. Son Randolph Apperson Hearst, 35, publisher of the San Francisco *Call-Bulletin*, was named president of the lesser Hearst Publishing Co. (As president of the Hearst Corp., the highest-level holding company, Dick Berlin is the No. 1 man on the business side.)

Bill and Randy Hearst settled into their new jobs with no comment from old W.R.'s good & great friend, Marion Davies. She was taking a rest. When she might try to wield the voting trust agreement he had signed with her (giving her control, according to her advisers), not even Marion Davies knew for sure. She waited to see how the princes run the realm, whether they want to make peace.

The Union Beat

Whenever the good, grey New York *Times* scored a notable beat on labor union news over the past quarter-century, competing papers scarcely needed to look at the byline to know who had scooped them. Almost always it was studious, mild-mannered Louis Stark, ablest of U.S. labor reporters.

Thus he was first with the story that the A.F.L. had secretly decided to pull out of the United Labor Policy Committee (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS). For Stark, the scoop was a valedictory. Last week, after 38 years in the rough & tumble of the union beat, ailing Reporter Stark, 62, left the *Times*'s Washington bureau for a month's vacation. On his return he will take up the easier chore of writing *Times* editorials and interpretive articles.

Slight, short (5 ft. 5 in.) Lou Stark won his name by covering such stories as the Sacco-Vanzetti case, the pitched battles in Harlan County, the sitdown strikes of the '30s. Whatever he covered (typing out his copy hunt & peck, then checking and re-checking until his deadline-conscious editors squirmed uneasily), he won the confidence and respect of both sides without ever favoring either. When the accuracy of an exclusive Stark story about coal bargaining was questioned two years ago, Illinois' Paul Douglas said on the Senate floor: "I have never known Lou Stark to make a factual error in a story." The facts later proved Stark's story true.

"Dead Work," Lou Stark, born in Hungary and brought to the U.S. as a child, grew up on Manhattan's East Side, joined the *Times* as a reporter in 1917, after a stint at schoolteaching and as a City News Association reporter.

In 1923, when few papers thought union news worth reporting, Stark got the job of covering it full-time. Those were the years of what Stark, borrowing a coal miner's term, calls his "dead work," i.e., unpaid time spent blasting, cleaning out debris, etc. He spent the time getting to know everybody in the union movement, learning the problems of labor & capital inside out. In 1933, when unions began

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John Zimmerman
REPORTER STARK
Scoops fell into his hat.

their great upsurge under the New Deal and unionists and their friends became Washington powers, all his "dead work" paid off. *The Times* sent him to the capital on a "temporary" three-week assignment (which did not end until last week). In his first two days he scored two beats on the creation of the N.R.A., causing some admiring competitors to say that Stark had been sent to Washington "on a contract to deliver a beat once a day."

Stark's own version: "All I had to do was . . . hold my hat in my hand, and people whom I'd been cultivating for ten years and who trusted me would come and drop stories into it."

A Note for Lewis. Many labor bigwigs did seek him out when they had important news. When they didn't, Stark flushed them out himself. Once, when reporters were vainly trying to get at John L. Lewis, holed up in his Washington headquarters during an executive board meeting, meek Lou Stark simply sent up a sharp note, and Lewis came right down.

Stark believed in the validity of unions, but when the fledgling Newspaper Guild joined the C.I.O., Stark resigned, lest his impartiality be questioned. For the cumulative excellence of his reporting, he won a Pulitzer Prize in 1941.

At Washington's National Press Club last week, so capital correspondents and friends gave Stark a farewell dinner. At the head table Stark sat embarrassingly peering through his thick glasses as messages were read from President Truman ("You have been the dean of all reporters on the labor scene in the capital"), William Green, Lewis, the C.I.O.'s Jack Gold ("Please convey our sympathies to *Page One*") and many others. When they were all over, Lou Stark said simply: "The thing that pleases me more than anything else [is that] despite the rivalry, the men with whom I have worked by & large have held me in esteem."

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MODERN MUSEUM PIECES: 1948 MG, 1930 MERCEDES & 1939 TALBOT
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Alec George

Hollow Rolling Sculpture

Visitors to Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art have seen everything from eggbeaters to garbage cans displayed as works of art. Last week it was automobiles. On crushed stone runways in the museum's first-floor galleries and garden stood shining examples of what the museum calls "hollow rolling sculpture."

Museum judges shuffled through photographs of some 35 years of automaking, from early Bugatis and Stutz Bearcats to a 1951 Ford. Eliminating limousines and custom-built cars, they finally chose five European and three U.S. models for display. Then Curator Arthur Drexler wrote a learned catalogue discussing their "excellence as works of art."

The winners:

¶ A 1930 Mercedes (Germany): the oldest car in the show. Drexler called it "an amusingly solemn piece of stagecraft" with "a necklace of lights, bumpers, straps,

horns and handles, undecorated but nevertheless expressively decorative, as were the caps and goggles which used to ornament the serious motorist."

¶ A 1937 Cord (U.S.): "A solemn expression of streamlining" with "coffin-shaped hood . . . [suggesting] the driving power of a fast fighter plane."

¶ A 1939 Bentley (Britain): "A patrician urbanity of style other schools of design have failed to render obsolete."

¶ A 1939 Talbot (France): an elegant two-toned coupe with two perfume and vanity compartments for the ladies. "A composition of . . . voluptuous shapes."

¶ A 1941 Lincoln Continental: the luxury car which Edsel Ford helped design in 1939, and which the company abandoned in 1948 because the model was not making money. The catalogue liked its smooth tight lines, wound up with the ultimate

ART

compliment: "The Lincoln Continental satisfies the requirements of connoisseurs."

¶ A 1948 MG (Britain): "Stylistic understatement . . . artful simplicity."

¶ A 1949 Cisitalia (Italy): a sleek, low-slung car with a grill resembling "the cut end of a cigar."

¶ A 1951 Jeep: "The combined appeal of an intelligent dog and a perfect gadget . . . looks like a sturdy sardine can on wheels . . . one of the few genuine expressions of machine art."

Now on display, but granted honorable catalogue mention: the 1949 Ford, 1947 Studebaker, 1939 Cadillac 60 Special and 1938 Lincoln Zephyr. Wrote Connoisseur Drexler in an accolade that, by clear implication, also rejected a good many other models that have come down the pike: "These cars contradict the claim that the American public prefers what is ugly, gross, or even vulgar . . . The dollar grin, as the American grille is known abroad, does not represent our best effort."

NIPPON-GA & MODERN, TOO

As popular printmakers, the Japanese have long been tops. In the 18th and 19th Centuries the genre was dominated by four masters: Kiyonaga, Hokusai, Hiroshige and Utamaro. Their color prints made from wood blocks sold for a few cents each, were sometimes used to wrap tea for export. They greatly influenced such modern European painters as Manet, Degas, Toulouse-Lautrec and Van Gogh. Now the wind blows the other way, and many Japanese prints show the influence of European art. Two of the postwar examples on the opposite page could only have been created through a meeting of East and West.

Kiyoshi Saito's *Cat* was designed, engraved and printed by the artist, with an eye to self-expression rather than sales value. No great shakes technically, Saito uses the grain of the wood for texture, as did Norway's Edvard Munch. The picture's bold black outlining and rich background color are strictly school-of-Paris. Only its suave, half-humorous air is Oriental.

Hasui Kawase's temple yard has something of Old Master Hiroshige's subtle patterning and cool sweetness. But its firmly rectangular composition and deep perspective have Italian

Renaissance roots. At 60, lantern-jawed Hasui has 500-odd prints to his credit—mostly quiet landscapes. He wanders about Japan making minutely detailed sketches and color notes. His publisher then decides which ones should be worked up for printing, makes suggestions to increase their sales appeal. "I might feel that a brilliant red would give the appropriate feeling," Hasui sighs, "but if he prefers a dull orange, a dull orange it is." An engraver makes as many as 20 color blocks (separations) of Hasui's finished picture, and an expert printer runs it off in editions of 200. This is precisely the procedure which his great forerunners followed.

Shinsui Ito is even more of a traditionalist, for he has steadily resisted Western influences and made his reputation as a purely *Nippon-Ga* (Japanese-style) artist. As a portrayer of beautiful women, Shinsui is inevitably compared with Utamaro, the classic pin-up master. Although Shinsui admits that Japanese standards of feminine charm have changed ("it seems that the bust and figure predominate nowadays"), he has never wavered in his devotion to pure Oriental prettiness.



JAPANESE POSTWAR PRINTS: SAITO'S "CAT," SHINSUI'S "BEAUTY & THE PARASOL," HASUI'S "TEMPLE AT MITO"





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Under the Whitewash

The R.A.F. went after the Baltic port of Lübeck one night in March 1942 because Lübeck was a vital link on the Wehrmacht supply line to Russia. It was not part of the R.A.F. plan that the fire bombs rained down on Lübeck's beautiful 13th Century Marienkirche, but fire melted the church's great bell, gutted the interior. Repair crews got a surprise: whitewash had peeled from the walls, revealing patches of vividly colored frescoes beneath.

Reinforcement of towers and masonry came first, but by last year trained workers began chipping away the rest of the Marienkirche's whitewash. Slowly they uncovered panel after panel of 13th and 14th Century work. With crude but forceful strokes, the old Gothic craftsmen had



Wilhelm Castelli

LÜBECK FRESCO (DETAIL)

Thanks to the R.A.F.

covered the walls with stately saints and serene virgins, friezes of animals and flowers, medieval street scenes, vignettes from the Bible and Aesop's fables. The colors, brilliant reds, blues, greens and yellows, were still unfaded.

A major artistic find, the frescoes are among the few Gothic wall paintings still in existence. For their fine state of preservation, Lübeck can thank sedate 15th Century churchmen who considered such lively church decorations old-fashioned and undignified, ordered them whitewashed in 1476. A generation or two later came the Reformation, the Marienkirche became a Protestant church, and the Lutherans kept up the whitewash treatment. In a short while, the underlying frescoes were forgotten by all but scholars.

This week Lübeck put its restored treasures on view as part of a combined celebration of the Marienkirche's 700th anniversary and its reopening for Lutheran services for the first time since 1942. Despite other war damage still only partially repaired, the interior of the Marienkirche looks more as its original decorators intended than it has for 500 years.



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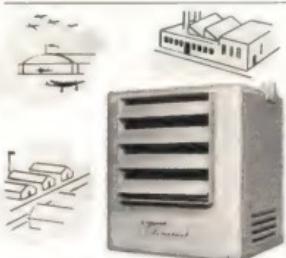
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More for the Hired Man?

A geography professor at Yale, Stephen B. Jones, spent three long evenings reviewing a manuscript for a New York publishing house. He got a check for \$15. The sum, said the publishers, could only suggest their gratitude. "I had given them the best advice and comment I could . . . and for about a dollar and a half an hour," said Professor Jones. "I mailed back the check with a letter saying I would appreciate one that equaled their gratitude instead of merely suggesting it." (The publishers eventually sent him \$25.)

Robert Bierstedt, University of Illinois professor of sociology, was asked to criticize a manuscript, list possible improvements, estimate sales, suggest the effects of popularization—all for \$30. "My fee," replied Bierstedt, "has gone up to \$100." Sorry, said the publisher, we can't afford it: we contribute to scholarship by bringing out books that will never make money. "Such solicitude [for scholarship]," wrote Bierstedt, "is touching—but he had seen too many lavish dinners go on publishers' expense accounts. "Professors may be stupid when it comes to dollars," he concluded, "but they know a little something about dialectic."

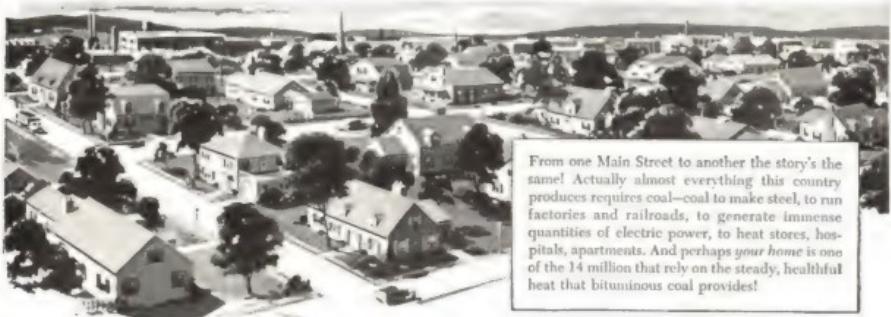
The Private-School Question

Is there any place for private schools in the U.S. of 1951? The schools themselves are sure there is, but they admit that the question must be met. In the current issue of *School and Society*, the National Council of Independent Schools clammers into the ring, grapples with the question, wrestles five falls to a finish, and gives itself the decision.

Are some private schools no better than gyp joints? Yes, sighs the council, both shoulders to the mat. "The sporadic growth of fly-by-night institutions without standards of any kind confronts independent schools with the same problems which medical schools met and solved in the early 1900s . . ."

Does the typical private school turn out weak and selfish citizens? "The independent school, like the public high schools in prosperous suburbs, sometimes deals with students whose chief spiritual staff is a silver spoon and whose main intellectual reliance is a successful ancestor . . . Whether the independent school deals with able, mediocre, or limited students, it undertakes to train all in high standards of academic work and performance . . . One great challenge . . . remains: that of finding a means of imparting to all . . . graduates a lasting motivation."

Do private schools breed snobs? The council wriggles mightily but very nearly gets pinned on that one. "The danger of economic exclusiveness is certainly persistent . . . The danger of social exclusiveness remains, and indifferent students are sometimes offered opportunities they waste while other boys and girls who have every qualification except cash are denied



From one Main Street to another the story's the same! Actually almost everything this country produces requires coal—coal to make steel, to run factories and railroads, to generate immense quantities of electric power, to heat stores, hospitals, apartments. And perhaps *your home* is one of the 14 million that rely on the steady, healthful heat that bituminous coal provides!

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This factory is typical of the thousands of plants that turn out everything America needs. It gets its power from coal—America's #1 steam fuel—for coal is practically everywhere the most economical power source. And today, automatic controls, automatic coal and ash handling apparatus net even larger savings—minimize dramatically the inconveniences associated with older installations.



From periscope to keel it took 800 tons of coal to make the steel that went into this submarine! Today more and more coal is needed for national defense. However, thanks to America's vast coal reserves and the great degree of mechanization that progressive mine operators have developed in mining and preparing coal—rearmament will get all the coal required without any pinch on the home front!



Highly developed machines like the giant loader above have made it possible for the American miner to reach a daily output that's 4 to 24 times that of any miner in Europe or Asia. Today, the American miner is actually a skilled machine operator. Fully 98% of all American coal is mechanically cut—about 75% mechanically loaded.

In their constant search for a better and more economical coal product the managers of this country's 8,000 mines have invested hundreds of millions of dollars in research—in modern machinery—in finding and developing new mine properties. As a result, today's output per man in America's coal mines is more than 32% greater than in 1939—one of the greatest efficiency gains in American industry. *This nation can count on her privately managed coal companies for all the coal it needs to stay strong—and become stronger!*

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the opportunity they deserve . . . but Americans have not agreed that because not all can have opportunity, none shall."

Do private schools harm public education? With a rather messy half nelson, the council scores a fall: "The cost of educating hundreds of thousands of students now in independent schools is met by their parents, who also pay taxes to support public schools . . . It is obvious that the cost of educating these children at public expense would overload many public school budgets as much as their extra numbers would congest schools already overcrowded and understaffed."

The thing that really counts, concludes the council, is the right of dissent and choice. "Americans will not welcome in any field a line of reasoning that would forbid them to provide superior facilities . . . for their own families until identical facilities could be made available to the whole population at public expense."

Overseas Campus

Most of the world's undergraduates last week were still on vacation. But on one of the world's largest campuses, some 3,000 were taking final exams. From Bremen, in cool north Germany, to Asmara, high on an African plateau, American servicemen and a handful of civilian employees trooped to their classrooms, sweated over questions that ranged from literature to logistics. These students were members of the University of Maryland's College of Special and Continuation Studies.

The U. of M. started its extension courses for the armed forces five years ago, when some of its professors were invited to the Pentagon to lecture on public speaking and history. Soon they were holding classes in science and the humanities at other military posts in the Washington area. But there was one big hurdle: too often students were ordered overseas in the middle of a term.

In Germany, in England, at air bases in North Africa, G.I.s who were homesick for college campuses, frustrated students from the U. of M.'s extension courses in Washington, pilots who were feeling the squeeze of new educational requirements for commissions—all clamored for further schooling. In October 1949, planning on a maximum of 500 students, the Army shipped a supply of books and U. of M. professors to six centers in Germany. On registration day, they were swamped with 1,800 applicants.

Gradually, supply caught up with demand. Today the college, with headquarters in Heidelberg, has more than 100 instructors, who travel as far afield as Eritrea, teaching a five-term schedule. (The Army and Air Force pay three-quarters of military students' fees, provide classrooms, handle registration and collect fees.)

Average age of the G.I. students hovers close to 28. A young (23) staff sergeant may find himself sitting next to a 48-year-old major. "Lots of us have the creaks in our bones," remarked a paunchy captain last week, "but we're trying to keep them out of our minds."



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Color photograph by Cornelius

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But most of the cold finished steel shapes made by J&L—the rounds, hexagons, and small squares—are sold to machine shops where high speed lathes or automatic screw machines turn out millions of finished parts similar to those shown below. These vital parts go into engines for tanks, planes, trucks, automobiles, and agricultural equipment. They form the intricate

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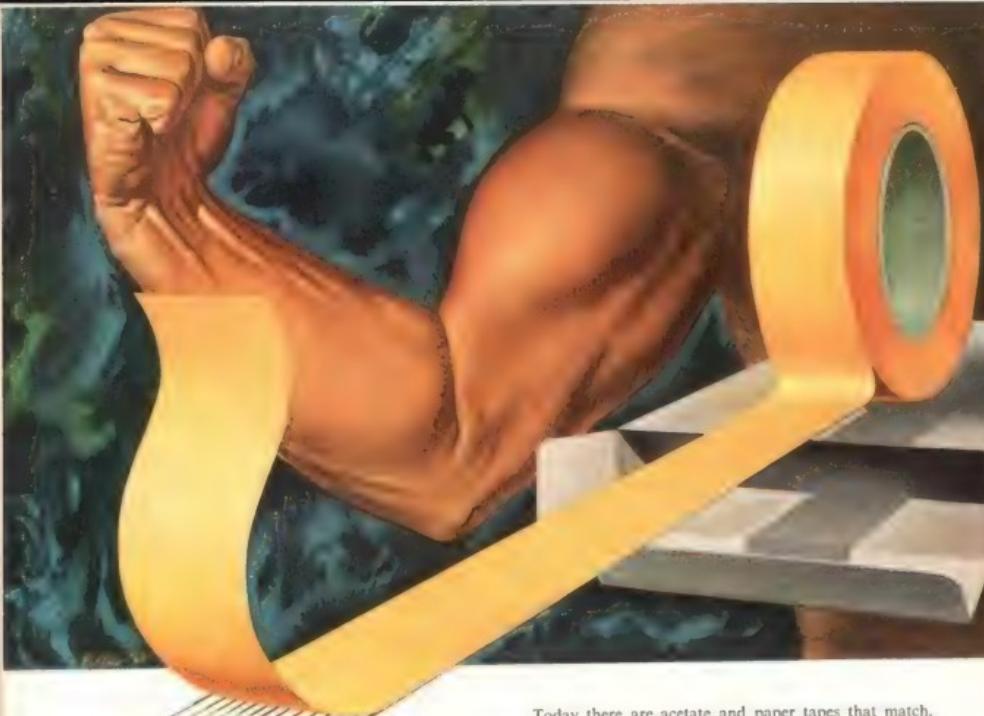
J&L Metallurgists have introduced many "firsts" in the steel industry through the years. "Firsts" in the cold finished steel field include *Jalcase*, the original free-machining, case-hardening, open hearth steel, and more recently, the revolutionary and patented "*E*" Steel which provides even faster machining, longer tool life, better finish.

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MILESTONES

Married. John Clunies-Ross, 22, "King" (by land inheritance) of Britain's lonely Cocos Islands in the Indian Ocean, and Lancashire Lass Daphne Parkinson, 21; in London (TIME, Sept. 3).

Divorced. Cinemactor Cornel (Forever Amber, *A Song to Remember*) Wilde, 35; by sometime Cinemactress Patricia (The Fabulous Texan) Knight, 31; after 14 years of marriage, one daughter, on & off separations since 1947; in Reno.

Died. Robert Walker, 32, boyish cinemactor (*Strangers on a Train*; See Here, Private Hargrove); at the peak of a successful screen comeback after an emotional crackup and widely publicized alcoholic escapades; of respiratory failure, after a doctor had given him a dose of sodium amytal to quiet an emotional upset; in Hollywood. Born in Salt Lake City (where his father edited the *Deseret News*), Walker went off to theatrical school in New York, there met Phyllis Isley, married her, lived in artistic poverty while appearing in Greenwich Village theatricals. In 1943, both got big breaks in Hollywood—he in *Bataan*, she (as Jennifer Jones) in *The Song of Bernadette*. In 1945, after waiting two years to avoid publicity that might harm *Bernadette*, Jennifer Jones divorced him, leaving him to carry what the columnists called "the biggest torch in Hollywood." He emerged from the Menninger psychiatric clinic in 1948 "a new man." A few days before his death, he completed (with Helen Hayes) *My Son John*, perhaps his best picture.

Died. Petko Stoyanov, 71, second surviving member of Bulgaria's anti-Communist triumvirate, former cabinet minister (1944-47); of undisclosed causes; in a "People's Militia" prison in Sofia.

Died. Abraham Cahan, 91, author (*The Rise of David Levinsky*), co-founder and editor (1897-1950) of Manhattan's Jewish Daily Forward (circ. 150,000), one of the most influential foreign-language (Yiddish) papers in the U.S. At 21, because of his radical political sympathies, he left Czarist Russia for Manhattan's lower East Side. Through the columns of the *Forward*, he presented democratic socialism as well as lighter reading in terms that ill-educated immigrants could understand, fought to ameliorate sweatshop conditions in the garment trades, became a leading anti-Communist in the Jewish world.

Died. Dr. Alfred Worcester, 96, Harvard's oldest graduate ('78), surgeon, teacher and writer; of a heart attack; in Waltham, Mass. One of the first in New England to perform an appendectomy and Caesarean section, Worcester went back to Harvard as professor of hygiene (1925-35), authored many papers and books on nursing, sex hygiene and geriatrics, set up Waltham's hospital and nursing school.

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Pacific War

The sight of men and planes falling in action, of ships afire and bombs exploding (including the first atom bomb) brought back vividly to thousands of television viewers last week the shocks and memories of World War II. They were seeing *Crusade in the Pacific*, produced by the same MARCH OF TIME crew that put together 1949's prizewinning *Crusade in Europe*. The first of 26 Pacific chapters was telecast in seven cities; half of the 60 U.S. television areas have scheduled later showings.

The new *Crusade* starts with Japan's march on Manchuria in 1931, goes through the bloodiest and most dramatic scenes of the Pacific war, and ends with the Communist aggression in Korea. To piece it together, M.O.T.'s men looked over millions of feet of film shot by U.S. and allied combat cameramen, as well as captured enemy film. The finished product is a fast, exciting news drama. Still to be put together: the final chapter, depending on the outcome of the war & peace maneuvers in Korea.

School's Out

At this time last year, the "Chicago school" of television—short on money and studio space but long on relaxed ingenuity—was blooming. But by last week some of its leading lights (e.g., top Directors Bob Banner and Dan Petrie) had moved on to Manhattan, and some of its most original shows (*Crisis*, *The Ransom Sherman Show*, *Portrait of America*) had been dropped for want of sponsors. This week, when the fall TV season opened, the No. 1 Chicago TV comedian, Dave Garroway, did not open with it. NBC could not sign up enough stations to carry his show (10 p.m. Wednesday), because most of them wanted to put on boxing matches at that hour. Garroway himself is slated for some guest appearances on other programs, but without a regular spot and a sponsor he obviously can not keep his deftly integrated team together.

The end of *Garroway at Large* brought deep gloom to Chicago TV workers. Many of them feared that after next month, when the new A.T. & T. microwave relay system brings coast-to-coast commercial TV, Hollywood will move up to rank with Manhattan as a producing center, and the Chicago school will be in for a long, hungry recess. The trouble all along had been money. Most of the advertising agencies who pay TV's biggest bills have headquarters in New York; with large sums at stake, they prefer to have their programs produced and staged close at hand, where they can keep a firm finger in the pie. And Manhattan, with big salaries and ample studio facilities to offer, can usually lure the talent it wants.

As a result, complained Chicago Producer Ted Mills: "Here's the most important mass medium of communication ever conceived, and who are the people who



Hans Walter—LIFE
CHICAGO'S GARROWAY
Kaoed by boxers.

determine what is reaching the nation? Men in pin-stripe suits who collectively are merchants of a commodity that isn't either entertainment or culture; it's a medium to make a buck . . . The indigenous qualities that regions like the Midwest can give to TV should be infused into this medium. We need the quality that Garroway had—a freshness, a vitality, something that is not jaded."

Added Burr Tillstrom, of Chicago's *Kukla, Fran & Ollie*: "We got panicky when we heard about Garroway . . . If that can happen to Garroway, it can happen to any of us."

Program Preview

For the week starting Friday, Sept. 7. Times are E.D.T., subject to change.

RADIO

Screen Directors' Playhouse (Fri. 8 p.m., NBC). James Stewart in *Broken Arrow*.

The Law and You (Sun. 1 p.m., CBS). A new series offering legal information for laymen.

Theatre Guild on the Air (Sun. 8:30 p.m., NBC). Betty Field in *The Heiress*. **Walter Winchell** (Sun. 9 p.m., ABC). The commentator with the dentist's-drill voice returns after a seven-week rest.

TELEVISION

Your Stake in Japan (Fri. 10 p.m., ABC). An hour-long dramatic report of the significance and recent history of Japan, given by TIME as background for Japan's re-entry into the family of nations with the signing of the peace treaty in San Francisco.

Irving Berlin's Salute to America (Wed. 8 p.m., NBC). Soprano Margaret Truman as guest star on the beloved songwriter's television debut.

George Burns & Gracie Allen (Thurs. 8 p.m., CBS). Still going strong.

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\$15,000,000

Rheem Manufacturing Company

3 3/4% Promissory Note Due 1966

Delivery has been made of \$15,000,000 and the balance of this issue will be delivered to an institutional investor on or before December 31, 1951 in accordance with terms of an agreement negotiated by the undersigned.

Blyth & Co., Inc.

August 25, 1951.

\$7,000,000

Lily-Tulip Cup Corporation

3 3/4% Promissory Notes Due 1971

This financing has been arranged privately through the undersigned.

Blyth & Co., Inc.

August 25, 1951.

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SW FINE FOODS, INC.

**\$660,000 3% Promissory Notes Due 1952 to 1957
\$2,500,000 4% Debentures Due 1969**

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Blyth & Co., Inc.

August 25, 1951.

\$2,500,000

Iron Fireman Manufacturing Company

4 1/4% Promissory Notes Due 1963

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Blyth & Co., Inc.

August 25, 1951.

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\$7,580,000
Greater Vancouver Water District

**3 3/4% Debentures Due 1954 to 1976
(United States Currency)**

The District has entered into agreements, negotiated by the undersigned, for the private sale to institutional investors of the above-named Debentures providing for delivery of varying amounts thereof on specified dates to December 1, 1952.

Blyth & Co., Inc.

August 27, 1951.

PRIVATE PLACEMENTS

In addition to the underwriting and distribution of securities through our nation-wide organization, we act as agent in negotiating private financing transactions similar to those advertised herewith, which have just been completed.

We have prepared a memorandum entitled "Selling Securities To Institutions By Private Placement" and shall be pleased to furnish a copy upon request.

Please ask for Report T-101.

Blyth & Co., Inc.

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BOSTON • BIRMINGHAM • PHILADELPHIA • PITTSBURGH • CLEVELAND • INDIANAPOLIS
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BUSINESS & FINANCE

WALL STREET

New Market, New Rules

The stock market sprang another surprise last week. Normally, before a holiday, the market is supposed to turn dull and drop a few points. But last week, in a strong upsurge, it rose four points to 270.25 in the Dow-Jones industrial averages, the highest mark in more than 21 years.

Thus the market confounded both the bears and the financial soothsayers who had thought that the summer slump would give it a permanent downward push. Actually the market never got below June's low of 242.64, and has climbed 27 points since.

Different Animal. Most crystal-gazers have been baffled because they have tried to judge the current market by old rules. 1951's bull market is different from its predecessors, largely because there has been none of the speculative frenzy that usually accompanies bull-market tops. The so-called "little fellows" have jumped into the market all right, but instead of chasing after cheap cats & dogs they have largely bought blue chips and held on to them, ignoring price fluctuations. Those with large stock profits have not sold because, with dividends so high, they can find no better employment for their money. And pension funds and investment trusts have quietly and steadily gone on buying up good stocks, adding to the market's strength.

Among investors, the feeling seems to be growing that a tremendous, fundamental change is overtaking the U.S. economy. U.S. industry is in the biggest expansion in its history, and tremendous Government spending for years to come seems bound to keep sales, profits and dividends high in spite of taxes. Growth is in the air, and investors are hunting for the companies with the biggest growth possibilities. Example: the mere rumor that Glidden (Time, Feb. 26) would announce the successful mass-production of cortisone from soy beans sent Glidden stock shooting up 4 points in a day to 44.

Different Standards. Despite its long climb, the market is still not as high as it looks. In prices, it is getting within long-range shooting distance of 1929's Himalayan peak (\$31.17). But sales and earnings have so far outrivaled 1929's that comparisons with 1929 prices are no longer valid.

For example, General Electric, at the peak of the 1929 boom, sold for 101 (adjusted for stock splits), which was 43 times its earnings. Last week it closed at \$95/8 (60% of its 1929 price), which was a mere 12 times its earnings. In most cases, industry's sales and profits have kept pace with the rising stock prices. Thus, despite a 65% gain in the industrial average since mid-1949, the ratio of prices to earnings is only about 20% higher now than it was two years ago.

FASHION

Goodbye, Paris; Hello, Hattie

U.S. fall fashions appeared in stores and dress shops last week just as the first pictures of Paris' new creations blossomed forth in the magazines. The contrast was startling. Many of the French styles seemed outlandish to the American eye. Jacques Fath offered maternity-like tent coats ("the green cone"); Balenciaga suits had elbow cuffs like parachutes. One Schiaparelli model looked like an old-time Bloomer Girl (*see cut*) in an evening



Associated Press

EVENING GOWNS (FRENCH & AMERICAN)
A dilemma as old as the New Look.

gown consisting of a short halter and harem-type underskirt. By comparison, conservative Hattie Carnegie's trim, attractive "spider web" evening gowns looked just the thing most U.S. males would like to see their wives in.

There was method in the French madness; the zanier designs were aimed to catch the headlines. But there was also desperation. In two years, 40% of Paris' fashion houses have closed because of soaring costs & taxes and the loss, through currency restrictions, of British sales. Faced with the growing skill of U.S. dressmakers and competition from upstarts in Rome, many French designers are willing to try anything to win back their position as fashion dictators. But their dilemma is as old as the New Look: their clothes are too expensive for the French (who like innovations) and too extreme for those (Americans, Swiss and Latin Americans) who have the money.

WAGES

Defense of the Escalator

Are cost-of-living increases granted under union contracts a potent cause of inflation? Many a businessman insists that they are. But last week, General Motors' Charles E. Wilson, who started the whole argument by granting the first big contract with an escalator clause three years ago, took on his critics with a statement that they would find hard to refute.

Actually, said Wilson, in an open letter to "Mr. X," the escalator clause in G.M.'s



contract is "neither inflationary nor deflationary. As a matter of fact, it tends to resist inflation to some extent since wages are only adjusted upward several months after the cost of living has increased . . ."

On the other hand, the extra dividend which G.M. paid last year was "one of the most inflationary things that General Motors had anything to do with in 1950, although there was no general criticism . . . The increase in the dividend . . . over [1949's put] approximately \$176 million more purchasing power into the hands of the stockholders. An increase of 5¢ an hour in the G.M. wage rate, continued over a year for 400,000 people . . . only [put] \$40 million in purchasing power into the hands of employees."

"Most people will agree that if productivity increases with wages, then the increased wages are not considered inflationary . . . The General Motors type of agreement has greatly improved employee

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morale and attitude towards work. We did achieve an improvement in labor efficiency last year somewhat in excess of the 2½% [wage increase] we granted the men.

"I am personally convinced that, if there were no unions and no labor contracts like General Motors has in the auto industry, the increase in wages would already have greatly exceeded what has occurred . . . For if we had a completely free labor market with no unions and no contracts, labor would have been able to sell its services at a rapidly increasing price just as the owners of commodities have been able to do."

COMMUNICATIONS New Minimum

The ten-word telegram, on which U.S. minimum telegraph charges have been based for 100 years, this week fell a victim of inflation. Because of higher operating costs, Western Union set the minimum charge at 15 words, no matter how many fewer words are sent. An example of the difference: a minimum charge of \$1.60 for a telegram from New York to San Francisco as against the old rate of \$1.45. Expected result of the change: a yearly gain of \$11 million (6.8%) in Western Union revenues.

ALUMINUM

Move Over!

Poker-faced Leo M. Harvey, 63, an aluminum fabricator in Los Angeles, plays his cards close to his chest. Not outsiders have ever found out much about the production, profits or prospects of his family-owned Harvey Machine Co. Last week shrewd-dealing Leo Harvey won a pot that made competitors gasp. The pot was a \$46 million Government loan designed to make Harvey the fourth biggest U.S. aluminum producer.

Since Harvey was an unknown in the aluminum-producing business, aluminum's Big Three—Alcoa, Reynolds and Kaiser—flinched a bit at the news that the Government was dealing him in as No. 4 at their table. But Leo Harvey pointed out that Reynolds and Kaiser also had very little experience in making aluminum until the Government put them in the business.

Stretching the String. Like Henry Kaiser himself, Leo Harvey has the knack of getting what he wants from the Government and working a shoestring into a golden cord. His shoestring was the one-man Los Angeles machine shop which he started in 1913. Born in Latvia, Harvey had learned the machinist's trade in Germany before coming to the U.S. at 20. His shop prospered with World War I orders for parts for the Curtiss "Jenny," afterward, did a tidy business machining brass and aluminum parts. World War II's demand for aluminum plane parts spread his company over four small plants. At war's end, when the \$8,000,000 Bohn Aluminum & Brass war plant at Torrance, Calif., became surplus, he snatched it up at a bargain, has since become a key supplier for the aircraft industry. Harvey claims his

company now has a net worth of \$9,000,000, employs 1,000 people, processes 2,000,000 lbs. of aluminum a month.

Golden Cord. He began his campaign to make his own aluminum because, he said, the Big Three withheld supplies to independent fabricators. First of all, he would need cheap electric power. It was scarce, but Harvey seemed to have no trouble finding it. He persuaded the Interior Department's Bonneville Power Administration to assign him 111,500 kilowatts from the new Hungry Horse Dam being built near Kalispell, Mont. To use the power, Harvey needed electric rectifiers. From War Surplus Boss Jess Larson, Harvey bought enough for a complete "pot-line" (i.e., enough to make 35 million lbs. of aluminum a year). After that, all Harvey needed to make aluminum was 1) a plant, and 2) the money to build it.



LEO HARVEY

A knock for getting what he wants.

Last fall Harvey put in his bid for the \$46 million Government loan.

Only two weeks ago (TIME, Aug. 27), the Defense Production Administration indicated that it would reject Harvey's plan, for failure to agree on terms. The loan had been conditioned on his raising \$7,000,000 capital of his own, and the most he could scrape up was half that amount. Last week DPA changed its mind, approved the loan to Harvey anyway. Under the terms, he has 18 months to raise the other \$3,500,000, but he can draw from RFC on the loan as soon as he puts up \$2,000,000 in working capital. (DPA will require him to set aside 50% of all profits for 20 years, to repay the loan.) Within two years, if his plans hit no snag, Harvey hopes to be turning out 108 million lbs. of aluminum a year (7% of U.S. production) at Kalispell, have his own plant at Everett, Wash., to make alumina (aluminum oxide), and to have his own \$3,000,000 fleet of ore boats to bring in bauxite from Dutch Guiana.

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Lansdell K. Christie—President, Liberia Mining Company, New York

• "In Liberia, which teams with raw materials, we have developed one of the richest ore deposits in the world. Today, from that deposit we produce and ship ore that is as good or better than Sweden's best.

"And twenty-two additional minerals have already been located and identified in the country.

"The wise use of American investment capital can bring to the service of American business Liberia's great resources. In return it can speed development of the country. Already completed is Liberia's modern deep water port of Monrovia, recently built to the specifications of the United States Navy.

"The government of the Republic of Liberia, headed by the extremely able President William V. S. Tubman, is on the friendliest terms with our own. It is prepared to welcome and co-operate with any efforts of American private enterprise to build from Liberia's potentials.

"*Liberia and most of Africa south of the Sahara, is an opportunity and a challenge to the American ideals of the Point IV program for relatively undeveloped areas.*"

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Iron or rubber . . . cocoa, copper or corundum . . . Africa can provide at least eighty such materials. FARRELL LINES is the only American steamship company serving all three ocean coasts of Africa. We will be glad to put you in touch with suppliers in Africa if you address your inquiries to:



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Any Questions?

O.K., our neck is out. We don't know all the answers on stocks and bonds—and don't pretend to.

But we've always felt that the more people know about the stock market and investing, the better it is for them, for us, and the whole country, too.

That's why we're willing to try to answer *any* questions you may have about our business...

That's why we've published a 6,000-word advertisement called "What Everybody Ought to Know About This Stock and Bond Business" in 99 different newspapers from coast to coast.

In it we answer the most common questions we get asked... cover everything from what stocks are and why you should buy them, to how much they cost, why prices change, what dividends they pay.

If you'd like a free copy of this advertisement in pamphlet form, just ask. And if you've got any questions of your own—about the business in general, particular securities, or your own investments—just ask those, too.

We'll do our best to answer them without charge or obligation of any kind.

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Department S-67

**MERRILL LYNCH,
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Offices in 97 Cities



HADACOL'S JACK DEMPSEY, DUDLEY LEBLANC & STOOGE
12% alcohol and \$25 million sales.

PERSONNEL

Prophecy Fulfilled

At a dinner of the Newton (Ill.) High School graduating class in June 1913, Class Prophet Jessie Swem arose to make her predictions. She had no trouble divining the future for Frank E. Martin, who had worked a couple of summer vacations for the Illinois Central Railroad. "He will become a vice president of the Illinois Central," she said. "Some day he will come back to see us in his private car, and he will invite the members of his old high school class to have dinner with him."

Last week, 56-year-old Frank Edward Martin, who has spent 37 years with the Illinois Central (as everything from machinist apprentice to comptroller), was elected a vice president, as such will have the use of a private car. Later this month Martin will ride in the car to Newton to fulfill the rest of the prophecy. Said he: "I'd be an ungrateful cuss if I didn't." To make sure that Jessie Swem would be there, Martin sent out a query, found out that she is now Mrs. Claude Johnson, and living in Omaha, sent her a special invitation to his party.

PATENT MEDICINES

The Money Cure

Hadacol, in the words of its concocter, Dudley J. LeBlanc, is a dark brown patent medicine that tastes bad. Until the Federal Trade Commission told him to tone down, Medicine Man LeBlanc spent millions of dollars in advertising to imply that his mixture of B vitamins, minerals and honey, all bathed in alcohol, would cure almost everything. He also has a corps of gasters turning out jingles and jokiness insinuating that Hadacol is an aphrodisiac. In dry southern states, Hadacol

has another virtue; its 24-proof alcoholic content makes it just the thing for binges. Medicine Man LeBlanc, who prefers straight bourbon himself, can hardly understand this last fact because, he says, Hadacol "tastes so bad I don't see how anybody could drink enough to get high on it."

All these wondrous virtues, spread in newspapers and on billboards and blared from radios and from a 17-car railroad caravan of patent medicine men and entertainers (e.g., Chico Marx, Mickey Rooney, Carmen Miranda) have made Hadacol the world's biggest selling "tonic." In four years—and on an investment of only \$2,500—LeBlanc's sales have jumped from \$75,000 to an estimated \$25 million this year.

Last week, as Hadacol's super-colossal show marched through the Carolinas (with Jack Dempsey biting Stooge Candy Candido as part of the act), Dudley LeBlanc announced that he had sold Hadacol lock, stock & bottle for \$8.2 million. The buyer was a tax-free medical-research foundation in Manhattan that few doctors had ever heard of. Its name: the Tobey Maltz Memorial Foundation. Backed by four unidentified eastern businessmen, the foundation paid \$1,100,000 in cash for a down payment, will pay the balance in ten to 15 years. The foundation is privately financed by Dr. Maxwell Maltz, 52, a gregarious plastic surgeon whose avocations have included playwriting (*The Unseen Scar*) and an interest in black & white TV converters. Maltz says he set up the foundation to do medical research six years ago in memory of his mother who died of cancer.

The Maltz Foundation gets all of LeBlanc's 85,470 shares of capital stock, will license the four backers (formed into a new LeBlanc Corp.) to sell Hadacol. It

will get a big slice of the company's profits, which, Maltz says, will go for medical research. LeBlanc was willing to sell for the tax advantages. Instead of paying high income taxes on company profits, he will pay only a 25% long-term capital-gains tax on the sale profit, and "make as much on this deal as I could have with Hadacol in 40 years." LeBlanc had another reason for selling. A Louisiana state senator for the last three years, he wants time to run against Earl Long for governor of Louisiana, although he will also stay on as sales head of Hadacol for 15 years, at a salary of \$100,000 a year.

GOVERNMENT

Word Control

To accentuate the positive in Price Boss Mike Di Salle's public relations and get ready for a heavy political year, OPS pressagents last week gravely sent their deputies a list of "Things to Avoid" in their copy. Chief among them: "Excessive reference to 'controls' and 'price control program.'" These words had taken on objectionable connotations, the memo explained, because "OPS has been criticized for wanting to perpetuate controls."

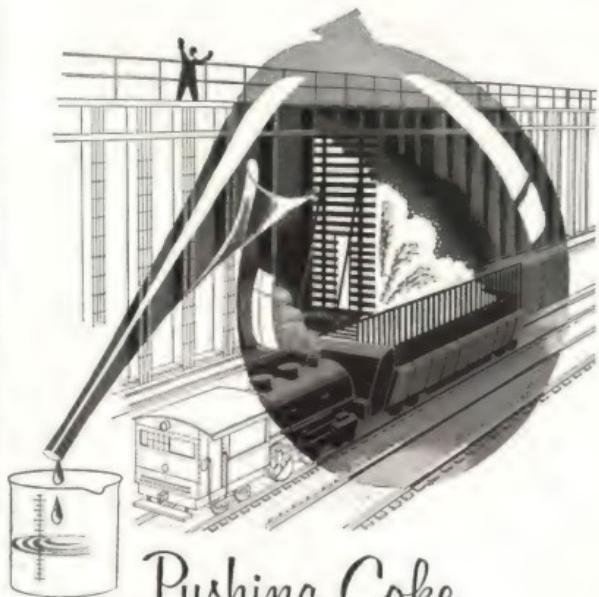
As happier substitutes, the memo suggested: "Use instead 'stabilization,' 'price program' . . . 'efforts to hold prices down,' 'efforts to hold the line.' " At the same time, Di Salle's publicity men did not want anybody to get the notion that the line could be held because of the recent "jull" in prices. They advised: "Integrate the 'jull' into the continuing fight against inflation." Since Government spending contributes to inflation, OPS copy should avoid "reference to 'defense spending.' Use instead 'defense production' . . . with emphasis on 'production' rather than 'spending.'" As an added caution, the memo warned against statements that OPS "has stopped or can stop inflation . . . We are not justified in making such positive claims."

AGRICULTURE

The Big Five

In the area around Matamoros, Mexico, just across the border from Brownsville, Tex., land was selling at \$100 an acre only a decade ago—and going begging. By last week, land was up to \$5,000 an acre and hard to find. Chief reason: the flat desert lands have blossomed into one of the world's fastest-growing cotton patches, thanks to irrigation from Mexico's Don Martin irrigation project. With the help of U.S. capital, the cotton boom has also spawned dozens of new industries—and a fine crop of millionaires.

Along the flowered streets of Matamoros' El Jardin district, there are so many new and luxurious houses that one swed American mumbled: "This is just what the South must have been like before the Civil War." But none of the houses is so spectacular as a palace, now abuilding up the river at Nuevo Laredo, with 17 bathrooms, a swimming pool, five-car garage and three bars. For miles



Pushing Coke

FOR ALL IT'S WORTH

"Pushing" coke out of the ovens is the final stage of making coke from our own coal.

The vapors from this coking operation yield tar, naphthalene, fuel gas and light oils. From the light oil we produce benzene, toluene and xylene—the starting point for Tennessee's production of . . . benzene hexachloride (BHC) . . . benzoic acid . . . benzyl alcohol . . . muriatic acid . . . sodium benzoate . . . benzaldehyde.

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CONTROLLED TEMPERATURE

to seal
30,000 loaves of bread
or bake
a sponge cake



Automatic temperature controls by Robertshaw-Fulton serve home, industry and transportation in a thousand different ways.

At General Baking Co.'s Brooklyn plant, Robertshaw Controls automatically regulate heat-sealing temperatures on 4 high-speed machines that automatically slice, wrap and seal 160 loaves per minute. For the homemaker, Robertshaw and Grayson Controls make possible the automatic operation of such modern appliances as gas and electric ranges, space heaters, automatic water heaters and laundry dryers.

We invite the use of our engineering service to help solve temperature control problems in your plant or on your product.

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around, everyone knows that the house belongs to Chito Longoria, eldest (46) of the five Longoria brothers, who have done more than anyone else to make the once-dry lands blossom.

Big Family. Together the Longoria brothers—Chito, Federico, Shelby, Eduardo, Alfredo—control 69 companies, employ 11,000 workers and gross more than \$50 million a year. The brothers got a running start on their empire-building from their father Octaviano Longoria, who died in 1931, leaving his sons a tidy business in cotton, cattle, soap and cottonseed.

"The business my father left," says Chito, "was small, and we were a large family. We couldn't make the family smaller, so we made the business larger." The brothers put up a cotton mill, soon found that to be successful ginners they would have to finance cotton growers, wound up owning four banks, 10,000 acres



CHITO LONGORIA
The crop: millionaires.
Kurt Schlosser

of cottonland. In partnership with Anderson, Clayton & Co., worldwide U.S. cotton brokers, they built two big cottonseed mills. When they found they had a surplus of cottonseed oil, they built a vegetable-shortening plant to process it.

Small Taxes. To market the beef from their ranches, where they run 15,000 head of cattle, they built their own packing plant. They added a chain of wholesale and retail general stores, four Chevrolet agencies, four movie theaters, some 20 other enterprises. "We were doing in a hurry," says Chito, "what it took a hundred years to do in the U.S."

One reason the Longorias have been able to expand so fast: Mexico's laws put a tax ceiling of 33 1/3% on corporation profits and prohibit double taxation, i.e., a company's profits are taxed, but not the dividends. Says Chito, "It's a good way. You have to let the individual grow. After he has grown, O.K., tax him, but let him grow first."

SPORT

Secession in the West?

The Pacific Coast League, bruised and spike-scarred from years of futile feuding with the major leagues, took the most drastic step since its founding in 1904. At a meeting in San Francisco last week, the League's club owners voted to serve an ultimatum on the majors: unless freed from the player draft, P.C.L. would go outlaw, i.e., declare itself an independent organization with status equal to the National and American Leagues.

No one took the idea of a third major league too seriously. For one thing, there are obviously not enough first-class ballplayers to go around even for two major leagues. But it was undoubtedly true that P.C.L., an AAA (top classification) minor league, could improve its game both aesthetically and financially if it could force the big leagues to give up their privilege of drafting one player a year from each club at a flat price of \$10,000.

The Coast League has long suffered from a combination of geography and pride. Such cities as San Francisco and Los Angeles are big league towns by population standards, but they have scant chance of getting a major league franchise until such time as the majors are willing to ship their valuable athletes around by plane from game to game. Meanwhile, as Western fans see it, the Pacific Coast cities are permanently condemned to second-grade baseball, played mainly by greenhorns and has-beens, while the big league teams in the East drain off such stars as Joe and Dom DiMaggio, Larry Jansen, Gene Woodling and Ferris Fain as fast as they come up. The draft has a double effect: a club lucky enough to develop two or three standout players in a season must usually sell them all to the highest bidders rather than risk losing one of them for the \$10,000 price.

The San Francisco Seals, hard hit in recent years, are buried in eighth place this season, and Owner Paul Fagan, a bitter enemy of the draft, announced a fortnight ago that he was through, and ready to sell out. Fagan was in Honolulu last week, and in no mood to reconsider, when the owners took their action. Said he: "All the League actually did was to warn the majors. I think it was an idle threat. The majors will force them into some kind of compromise at the December meetings, and we'll be back about where we were." But other Coast League men angrily denied this. Said C. L. (Breck) Laws, owner of the Oakland team and another last-ditch foe of the draft: "We're all living or dying together in this deal, and if the majors won't go along, to hell with 'em."

Old Single Winger

Princeton's Charlie Caldwell, voted 1950's top U.S. coach, says that he really learned what modern football was all about on Oct. 25, 1924, a day of massive frustration. Charlie, then a fullback, spent that afternoon backing up the line of a good Princeton team pitted against Knute Rockne's celebrated Four Horsemen. Notre Dame won, 12-0, and it was probably a merciful score.

Just Enough. Recalls Caldwell: "I felt as if we were being toyed with... I don't believe I made a clean tackle all afternoon. There would come Layden, or Miller, or someone, I would get set to drop the ball carrier in his tracks and someone would give me a nudge, just enough to throw me off balance, just enough pressure to make me miss." Charlie mumbled over what had hit him, and decided: "We... had been subjected to our first lesson in what might be called the science of football."

Caldwell was and is a stalwart disciple of the single-wing offense, but throughout

A discovery a few businessmen have yet to make

Nearly every company in the U.S. gives gifts other than money at Christmas time. The amount varies. A Fortune survey showed an average of \$3,829 per company being spent for gifts.

This important and necessary investment of money in goodwill can be kept profitable by remembering the three basic requirements of the perfect gift—it is personal, lasting, and wanted.

This is why we urge you to look at the Kemper-Thomas gift line in the convenience of your own office. In just a few minutes you will see a more varied selection than you could find in days of counter-shopping. All of them are

PERSONAL—the unusual gifts in the Kemper-Thomas business gift line can all be personalized. They are designed to feature either your name and advertisement or the recipient's name or initials. No chance to forget that the gift came from you!

LASTING—nothing lasts like leather! Many of the gifts in the Kemper-Thomas line are made of Cloister-Craft Leather, styled by Wege, the world's greatest gift leather designer, and are reproductions of his original hand-toollings or etchings. No chance here for your gift to be used up in a day and forgotten!

AND WANTED—your Kemper-Thomas gift will be wanted because it is designed for utility, as well as beauty and long service.

You can buy Kemper-Thomas business gifts for less than a dollar or up to forty dollars each. You can also make up a mixed order of many different gifts and get the quantity price on each. We, as manufacturers, sell to you direct and only through our own representatives.

It's getting late. Solve this year's Christmas problems by calling in your Kemper-Thomas man, or write direct to

KEMPER-THOMAS
Advertising that *sells* CINCINNATI 12, OHIO
OFFICES IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES

The Kemper-Thomas line is the most diversified in the Business Gift field. You can select from over 1,500 items.



Associated Press

A RIGHT TO THE JAW from Challenger Billy Graham is stopped by Welterweight Champ Kid Gavilan in their 15-round title bout in Manhattan last week. Gavilan, a hustling bolo-swinging, fought in furries and piled up an early lead on points over the harder-punching Graham. Though coming on strongly in the late rounds, Graham could never floor the Kid, lost a split decision which was heartily booted by the crowd.



Go Hypoid!

—ON TIMKEN-DETROIT

MEDIUM- AND HEAVY-DUTY AXLES

Time is a mighty important thing to the average American. His everyday living and working habits keep America's big motor truck fleets running on strict schedules—moving goods for farm, industry and home! And—thanks to Timken-Detroit Axles with Hypoid Gearing—successful fleet operators are continually stepping up schedule speeds—increasing ton-miles and profits!

The simple, rugged construction of Hypoid Gearing keeps maintenance expense at a minimum—provides plenty of strength and power for long hauls! This heavy-duty axle gearing has been proved by billions of miles of trouble-free operation under all types of load and road conditions!

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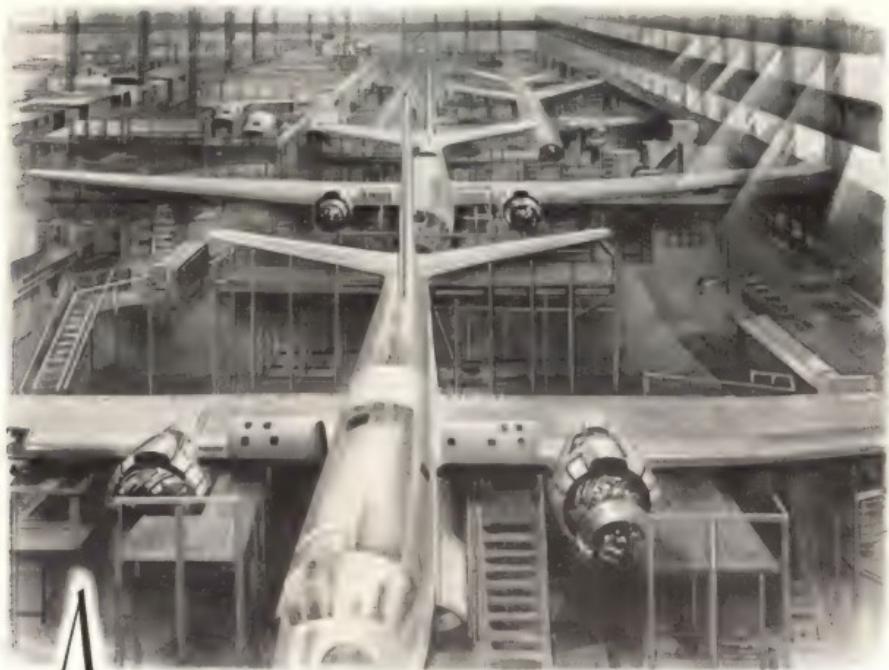
Associated Press

PRINCETON'S CALDWELL
Never suited to a T.

his own coaching career he has developed the system with fond attention to the scientific blocking and cross-checking perfected by Rockne, "the master coach of them all." This week Caldwell's coaching rivals, admirers and all other true 50-yard-liners can read his studious progress review, *Modern Single Wing Football* (Lippincott, \$5). During the war years, relates Coach Caldwell, the T, "the oldest of the basic offensive formations . . . was exploding all over the place." But he "couldn't believe that T was sounding the death knell of the Single Wing." To prove that "an old Single Winger dies hard," Caldwell borrowed some T trimmings (flankers, men-in-motion, split ends, etc.), at war's end went back to Princeton as head coach and hit paydirt by winning the Big Three title four years straight. His crowning glory was last season's Princeton team, "the personification of the modern Single Wing," which rolled up 349 points while winning all of its nine games.

Timely Point. Despite his book's 209 diagrams, canny Charlie gives away few trade secrets not already charted by enemy scouts. But, he points out, the very popularity of the T among U. S. coaches has helped the relatively few Single Wingers: "A T-team . . . has to give up at least several days of practice to its preparations for a solid Single Wing, if its members . . . are not to be completely confused."

With West Point still reeling from effects of the mass expulsion, Charlie Caldwell raises a timely point: "How can a football player keep up with his studies?" Speaking for Princeton, where "education comes first," the coach emphasizes emphatically that it can be done. He adds: "Football, if anything, tends to help . . . [It] teaches them how to get the full value out of an hour of study." Caldwell claims that in some years as many as two-thirds of the squad have actually improved their grades during the playing season.



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Dated 1951

Distilled moral of an old Bible story, as expressed in a new song, *David and Bathsheba*, out last week:

*David, David, saw the gal he craved
And Bathsheba was her name,
Wimmin, wimmin, have the kind-a
trimmin'
That make all men act the same.*

Piano Lessons Can Be Fun

Small fry have been balking at piano lessons for a long time: the new distraction of TV often makes things even tougher. But Music Teacher Bernard Gabriel, 37, thinks he knows how to win: make sure the kids have fun. Sometimes this leads to a circus atmosphere in his Manhattan studio. Says Teacher Gabriel: "I've never yet heard of a child who hated circuses."

One of Gabriel's pupils last week was a ten-year-old named Bobbie. He sweated and thumped at Schumann's *The Happy Farmer*, finally burst into tears. Gabriel handed Bobbie a baseball, told him, "Here, just for fun, see if you can play the melody with this." After a few minutes of baseball on the keys, Bobbie was ready for orthodox Schumann.

Teacher Gabriel's bag is full of such tricks. To a moppet who finally manages to play a piece correctly, Gabriel will award a slip of paper with the announcement: "I confer on you the degree of Doctor of the D Major Scale." A bored learner may be allowed to peek out scales with his nose, or play a piece blindfolded, or standing on one leg. Gabriel students also play musical Truth or Consequences, in which one penalty is standing on the head to sing *God Bless America*. Gabriel sometimes reverses the lesson, plays student to the pupil's teacher. Says he: "It purges the kid of hostility."

Gabriel, a Denver-born concert pianist, hit on his "music-can-be-fun" formula six years ago. He was faced with a particularly bored, antagonistic ten-year-old. Said Gabriel: "Dorothy, what would you do if you were in my shoes?" Said Dorothy: "Keep cool, Mr. Gabriel, keep cool." But the conversation apparently purged a bit of Dorothy's hostility; she began to show interest. After that, teaching her was no problem.

Gabriel has all the students he wants now. Some 25 youngsters a week (aged 5 to 10) troop into his studio for lessons at \$10 an hour. He also teaches grown-up beginners (oldest: 60) who think they have missed something along the way, and a few advanced students too. Latest Gabriel enterprise: a series of Saturday morning radio shows this fall, on Manhattan's city-owned WNYC, aimed at youngsters and featuring standard study pieces from Mozart, Bach and Clementi, played as the composers intended them. Says Gabriel: "After that, the music won't sound so much like exercises."

Swinging the Harp

Robert Maxwell, 28, is one of the top supper-club attractions in Manhattan just now because 1) he learned to play the harp in a good school (Juilliard) and 2) he soon got tired of classic tempos. The Maxwell contribution to Manhattan's current nightlife: harping in swing style.

A typical Maxwell performance one night last week began with a fast, explosive samba, went on to a sentimental arrangement of Kurt Weill's *September Song* and a plunky version of *I'm Looking Over a Four-Leaf Clover*. The final numbers: a medley of Gershwin tunes and a swing arrangement of Liszt's *Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2*. Says Maxwell: "I play Liszt as I think Liszt would play if he were alive today." The supper-club crowd



Martha Holmes

ROBERT MAXWELL
As Liszt would play today?

hushed down to devoted silence for Maxwell's 20-minute performance, even when their glasses stood empty.

There is nothing especially unorthodox in Maxwell's technique; the novelty is in what he uses his big harp for, and in his arrangements. "There just aren't arrangements for what I want to do, so I have to make them myself." Bronx-born Maxwell won a harp chair with the NBC Symphony at 17, quit after 18 months. Says he: "A harpist doesn't get to play any more often than the triangle-player. He sits there quietly for 684 bars, then plays two of his own. It's frustrating."

Maxwell took his harp and joined an eight-piece dance band, began working out some of the arrangements he needed. Then he joined the Coast Guard and got a chance to play for a while in Lieut. Rudy Vallée's bluejacket orchestra. Since then, he has been what he wants to be: a soloist. Some nightclub managers shudder at the thought of a swing harpist, but Maxwell is making inroads and good money. Income last year: \$20,000.



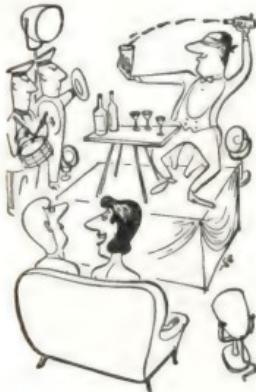
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The New Pictures

A Place in the Sun (Paramount), judging from the competition so far, is the picture to beat for 1951's Academy Awards. Producer-Director George Stevens' modern version of the late Theodore Dreiser's *An American Tragedy* is at once a faithful adaptation of the novel, an artful job of moviemaking and an engrossing piece of popular entertainment.

Novelist Dreiser, who was outraged at Hollywood's earlier version of his book,⁴ might well have felt flattered by the new one. No director could hope (or want) to reproduce the mass of detail which Dreiser took from life to fill out the case history of a young man charged with the murder of his cast-off sweetheart. Moviemaker Stevens, working with an intelligent script by Michael Wilson and Harry Brown, captures the power of the novel without its heaviness, the insight without the inventories. The story still flows inexorably from the springs of character and environment. And though Stevens concentrates on its poignant love affairs, he neither overlooks Dreiser's implied social comment nor oversimplifies it with trite labels.

A Place in the Sun is the story of George Eastman (Montgomery Clift), a poor, ambitious boy who pursues the dream of a Horatio Alger hero to his own undoing. He hitchhikes to the distant city, where his rich uncle manufactures swim suits on the vast scale and cuts a swath in local society. There, from a shipping clerk's job in the factory, George catches tempting glimpses of a life of wealth, glamour and importance.

But glimpses are all he gets. Ignored as a poor relation, both inside the factory and out, he drifts from loneliness into an affair with a plain, forlorn girl (Shelley Winters) who works on the same assembly line. Suddenly, his luck turns. He gets a promotion, and with it an entree to the socially elect circle in which his wealthy relatives move. He falls giddily in love with the queenliest young beauty of the set (Elizabeth Taylor), and she with him.

Then an obstacle intrudes: the factory girl is pregnant and demanding that he marry her. Between desperate maneuvers to put her off, George basks in the brightening promise of the right marriage and a front-office career. By the time events force him to a decision, he is too deep in the dream to face the reality; he chooses the simple way of murder.

Thanks to Director Stevens, all three of the picture's stars do the best acting of their careers. In the pivotal role, Actor Clift's sensitive, natural performance gives the film a solid core of conviction.

* In 1932, he sued unsuccessfully to prevent release of Paramount's *An American Tragedy*, with Sylvia Sidney, Phillips Holmes and Frances Dee. On the ground that the movie had watered his novel down to a mere murder story,

Actress Taylor plays with a tenderness and intensity that may surprise even her warmest fans. In a film of less uniform excellence, Shelley Winters' mousy factory girl would completely steal the show. Shy, petulant, or shrilly nagging by turns, she makes the most of her unconventional role and of the movie's boldest scene, when she gropes, on a choked-up kind of tears, for a tactful way to ask a doctor for an abortion.

But no one can steal the show from Producer-Director Stevens, whose firm grip is on every foot of *A Place in the Sun*. Stevens' unerring timing, and his



Ida Wyman—Life
WINTERS & CLIFT
Oscars, here we come.

skill at filling any situation with the last shade of emotion and meaning, enable him to direct the picture at a deliberately slow pace that still weaves a spell without dragging for a moment.

He makes imaginative use of his sound track: the cry of a loon, the distant whine of sirens, the barking of dogs become recurring motifs bound up with the action. His camera is effectively restrained; it peeks through doorways or stands patiently in the corner like a hidden witness; and when it moves suddenly into close-ups, the effect of intimacy is breathtaking. The film's seduction episode is a textbook example of director's magic. The players, barely visible as dim silhouettes, are no less Stevens' raw materials than the sounds, shadows and camera movements. And he molds and shapes them into probably the frankest, most provocative scene of his kind yet filmed in Hollywood.

Captain Horatio Hornblower (*Warner*), in the person of Gregory Peck stalks his 19th Century quarter-deck for a good two hours while the scuppers run with French and Spanish blood. Though

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he looks, acts and sounds more like a junior Lincoln than a British sea dog, Peck's coolness in carnage and steely commanding presence are all that C. S. Forester fans could ask of their hero.

In a reasonably faithful movie version of the Forester story, Peck sails under secret orders to the Pacific, delivers arms to a Central American rebel named El Supremo, captures the Spanish warship *Natividad* in a surprise attack, and rescues the Duke of Wellington's sister (Virginia Mayo) from plague-ridden Panama City. A political turnover changes El Supremo from an ally to an enemy, and the first big blaze of Technicolor gunfire has Peck's 36-gun frigate trading broadsides with the 50-gun *Natividad*, captained by El Supremo.

Back in Europe, Peck begins his one-man war against the French. He coolly



GREGORY PECK AS CAPTAIN HORNBLOWER
He tweaks Napoleon's nose.

raids the port of La Teste, destroys four anchored French warships and, after his own vessel is riddled by shore batteries, sinks it in the mouth of the harbor. Captured by the French and hustled toward Paris for a date with the guillotine, Peck tweaks Napoleon's nose again by escaping. He frees a batch of British prisoners, seizes a ship in the heavily guarded port of Nantes and sails back to England to become an admiral.

For a swashbuckling romance, *Captain Hornblower* is played with commendable restraint, and Director Raoul Walsh even attempts a few rudimentary explanations of Hornblower's naval strategy. Largely because Virginia Mayo spends a good part of her time wasting away with swamp fever, the love affair seldom becomes sticky enough to slow up the action. The best of it keeps Captain Hornblower right in his element—routing the lubberly French and Spanish, against an expertly staged background of crashing mainmasts and exploding gun decks.



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Force of Arms (Warner), based on a story by Richard *(Guadalcanal Diary)* Tregaskis, is endowed with a title, theme and background strongly reminiscent of the movie classic based on Ernest Hemingway's *A Farewell to Arms* (starring Helen Hayes and Gary Cooper). But there the resemblance ends. *Force of Arms*, despite some grimly realistic combat scenes, moves mechanically from one predictable climax to the next.

During a brief leave near Naples, Platoon Leader William Holden falls in love with WAC Lieut. Nancy Olson. The only curb to their passion lies in the fact that Nancy wants nothing but marriage, while Holden wants anything but. The film also ruminates at length on the debilitating effects of love; after meeting Nancy, Holden returns to the front so concerned for his own safety that he shocks his men by deciding to outflank a Nazi strong point instead of charging it in the headlong rush which seems to have been his usual, if unconventional, employment of infantry tactics.

Inevitably, Holden thinks his caution caused the death of his best friend (Frank Lovejoy). He finds redemption by rushing back to battle and getting captured by the Germans, while Nancy makes a Cook's tour of the front lines in search of her man.

Playing opposite each other for the fourth time, William Holden and Nancy Olson manage to keep *Force of Arms* from surrendering completely to the demands of its plot. And Director Michael Curtiz' combat scenes are sharpened to a fine edge by the addition of Signal Corps film of the actual battles of San Pietro, Venafro and the Rapido River.

CURRENT & CHOICE

Pickup. Making his debut as a Hollywood moviemaker, Czech-born Hugo Haas directs and stars in a tense, unpretentious thriller about a middle-aged railroad watchman and the floozy he marries (TIME, Aug. 27).

The Whistle at Eaton Falls. Producer Louis de Rochemont uses true incidents to tell a provocative story of labor-management relations, and takes a sympathetic look at the thorny problems of both sides (TIME, Aug. 13).

Strangers on a Train. Alfred Hitchcock's implausible but dazzlingly tricky melodrama about a psychopath (the late Robert Walker) with a new scheme for foolproof murder (TIME, July 16).

The Frogmen. How the Navy's underwater demolition teams cleared invasion beaches in World War II; with Richard Widmark, Dana Andrews, Gary Merrill (TIME, July 9).

Four in a Jeep. The timely story of a four-power MP patrol in Vienna, split by the plight of a Viennese girl in trouble with the Soviet command; with Viveca Lindfors, Ralph Meeker (TIME, June 18).

Oliver Twist. Director David *(Great Expectations)* Lean's brilliant adaptation of the Charles Dickens novel; with Alec Guinness, John Howard Davies, Robert Newton (TIME, May 14).



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BOOKS

Pope Oedipus

THE HOLY SINNER (336 pp.)—Thomas Mann—Knopf (\$3.50).

In *Buddenbrooks*, Thomas Mann's first novel, little Hanno Buddenbrook draws a long slanting line under his family genealogy and when reproved for it haltingly explains, "I thought—I thought nothing else was coming." At 76, Author Mann fears that nothing else is coming for the civilized world, that humanity faces a long, black night of barbarism.

But if Mann believes in a deepening darkness, he is not the man to write about it. In his new novel (his 13th), he fastens lovingly on the past—a past of piety and chivalry. *The Holy Sinner* is his reworking of a much-told medieval tale: a child is born of incest, lives to sin gravely on his own account, but finally, thanks to God's mercy and his own heroic penance, becomes the Pope of Rome. One of Mann's reasons for going back to the old legendary story: his notion that, after him, there may be nobody to retell it.

The Old Dilemma. Prophet Mann is lugubrious, but Novelist Mann is at his most urbane. He still writes with the literary craft of a master, and this time he happily avoids the philosophical asides that have cumbered earlier books. With its playfully archaic style and ironic tone, *The Holy Sinner* reads like a book written simply for the pleasure of telling a good story.

Mann leads his characters through the guilty old dilemma, Wiligis and Sibylla, twin children of the Duke of Flaudres and Artoys, fall into incestuous love.



Wide World

NOVELIST MANN
After him, nobody?

When a child is conceived, guilty Wiligis goes off to die on a pilgrimage, while Sibylla penitently vows never to marry. When little Gregorius is born, he is cast adrift in a little boat, with a note that tells his story but not his identity. Gregorius is saved by fishermen and grows up in a monastery. In due time, of course, he goes out in the world to unravel his origin—and meets and marries the Duchess Sibylla.

Their happiness is brief: confronted with the evidence that Sibylla is his moth-

er, Gregorius flees in horror. In penance, he chains himself to a rock for 17 years. Then one day, messengers from Rome arrive with the news of a miraculous vision: for his true penitence, Gregorius has been named the worthiest of all God's creatures to sit in St. Peter's chair.

The Smiling Epilogue. Some old versions of the story end there, but Mann has found in others the makings of a remarkable epilogue: Sibylla makes a journey to Rome to beg the new Pope for absolution. The two pretend not to recognize each other, but Sibylla at last bursts out: "Father of my children, ever-beloved child!" Each finally acknowledges that even when they first met they knew each other as mother and son.

Read easily, *The Holy Sinner* seems merely an affectionate embroidery of a pious legend. But that would not be Thomas Mann. As usual, he has glazed the legend with elegant mockery; the notions of Freud creep in to jostle the miracles of faith. Here is a delightful story, Mann seems to say: thanks to God's mercy, an *Oedipus* with a happy ending. And Mann is too good a pessimist not to conceal his own derisive smile.

"Odd Scrambling Fellow"

THE SELECTED LETTERS OF WILLIAM COWPER (306 pp.)—Edited by Mark Van Doren—Farrar, Straus & Young (\$3.50).

*Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
And while the bubbling and loud hissing urn
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups
That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,
So let us welcome peaceful evening in.*

At William Cowper's kindly beckoning, the readers of two centuries have lulled away many a peaceful evening—cheered, but never inebriated—at the mild brew of his poetry. Cowper (rhymes with hooper) is remembered fondly as a plump old country gentleman in a billowy cap; apt to giggle, but otherwise of a most pleasing conversation; delighted with his bed of pinks, devoted to his hares; the least pretentious and the most lovable of England's 18th Century poets.

Unhappily, the cheery peace of this literary sampler is broken by a scarlet thread that runs wild through it all. William Cowper was a madman. He spent every moment of his last 25 years under the delusion that God hated him personally. Worse yet, Cowper's God was irrevocably determined to betray him at every turn in this life, and to torture him eternally in the next. Under this ghastly sentence, Cowper wretchedly took up, as he said, "the arduous task of being merry by force." He found temporary oblivion in light-hearted verse and in thousands of eloquent, cheerful letters to his friends.

Mark Van Doren's excellent selection of Cowper's letters, pieced out with bio-



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TIME, SEPTEMBER 10, 1951



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graphical sections, tells the heartbreaking story of this gentle, tormented genius.

Apocalyptic Visions. William Cowper was only six when his mother, a descendant of the great John Donne, died of a fever. Timid little William never got over the shock of her death. Next year he took another severe shock when he was thrown to the young lions of an English boarding school. In sporting tradition, stronger boys mauled the weakling thoroughly, and with special zest because of an "intimate deformity" he is said to have had. William apparently made his "adjustment" by repressing his fear and shame and hatred. At any rate, when he was 21, and a law student in London, fear and shame and hatred came roaring up through his mind so powerfully and unexpectedly that they toppled his reason, and for several months he lived in a lunatic depression.

Eleven years later, in 1763, while pre-



THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE

POET COWPER
He thought God hated him personally.

paring for civil service exams (and perhaps despairing over the end of his first and last romance), Cowper went out of his mind again. This time, convinced that God had damned him "below Judas," he tried three times to kill himself. Two years later, with his obsession relieved but not gone, he banished himself for life to the country. For the next 35 years, at a succession of small houses in the country north of London, he lived in semi-seclusion, an "odd scrambling fellow" in a bright blue coat who pottered amiably about—now mending a bench, now gathering eggs in the hedge-bottoms, now scribbling at a taboret in the greenery.

"I must tell you a feat of my dog Beau," he could write to a friend in the daytime hours—and then spin a pleasant story about how his dog had jumped into the river to bring him a water lily. The same night, he might be visited by one of his apocalyptic visions—mind-freezing apparitions that shrieked in his ears: "Ac-

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tum est de te; peristi! [It is all over with thee; thou hast perished.]

Deeps Unvisited. Sometimes the infinite prospect of God's "desertion" was too much for even Cowper's "passive valor." "I now see a long winter before me," he wrote bleakly in September 1783, "and am to get through it as I can. I know the ground before I tread upon it; it is hollow, it is agitated, it suffers shocks in every direction; it is like the soil of Calabria, all whirlpool and undulation; but I must reel through it—at least if I be not swallowed up by the way."

In the winter of 1786-87, Cowper was utterly swallowed up by the way. After each attack he was left with less strength to support his despair. Yet somehow, in the decade 1780-90 Cowper managed to produce his finest poems (*John Gilpin, The Task*) and some of his most winsome letters. After 1790, however, the doomed man felt himself "plunged in deeps, unvisited, I am convinced, by any human soul but mine."

From these deeps Cowper never rose again. A "secret negative" forbade him even to pray. He walked the cliff edges, hoping against hope that he would fall; but such easy exit was denied him. "Oh wretch!" he groaned, "to whom death and life are alike impossible!" In April of 1800 his sturdy physique mercifully collapsed at last, and the release of death came to William Cowper at 68.

The Unbeautiful & Damned

Lie Down in Darkness (400 pp.)—William Styron—Bobbs-Merrill [\$3.50].

William Styron is a 26-year-old Virginian who has just written his first novel. To his publishers, *Lie Down in Darkness* "is a major novel by a major novelist . . . an event comparable to the publication in 1929 of Thomas Wolfe's *Look Homeward, Angel!*" While Novelist Styron does not live up to that billing, he shows enough talent to prove that the South has raised another good writing man.

The rest of the news about Styron is that he is one more recruit for the dread-despair-and-decay camp of U.S. letters. This time, decay hits a country-clubbing clan from the Virginia Tidewater.

The Loftises are spiritual leeches. They hatten on each other—and on any aid to narcosis they find handy. For fiftyish Milton Loftis, the daily drug is whisky. Drunk, he can just bear the rich, domineering wife to whose purse strings he is tied. In would-be revolt, he conducts a joyless affair with a dumb, social-climbing brunette; he gets a glimmer of happiness only from spoiling his beautiful, flighty daughter Peyton.

A martyr in her own eyes, his wife Helen flails the pettiest flaws of father and daughter with a tongue like a cat-o'-nine-tails. Daughter Peyton completes the fall of the house of Loftis when she runs away to New York and her own narcotic, sex. She marries a highbrow Jewish painter, betrays him with half a dozen men. Toward the end, her mind cracks.

In her delirium, Peyton tries to sum



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up what her "lost generation" has been searching for: "Not out of vengeance have I accomplished all my sins, but because something has always been close to dying in my soul, and I've sinned only to lie down in darkness and find, somewhere in the net of dreams, a new father, a new home." At 22, she makes her separate peace with the world in a suicide jump.

Author Styron laves his unbeautiful people in the rhetoric of tragedy, but essentially they remain moral pygmies. The Loftises are lost, all right, but not in the universal darkness of the age as their author implies, just in the murky crevices of their own pampered egos.

The Welsh Profile

Ivor NOVELLO [304 pp.]—Peter Noble
—British Book Centre (\$3).

"One morning . . . a most important gentleman came to our front door carrying a huge big box from Queen Victoria . . . There was a letter on top written in



IVOR NOVELLO

He kept the home fires burning,

gold ink . . . He was all dressed in a beautiful uniform of red, and had on a blue hat with a white feather. When Mamie hurried to open the big box she found it was all lined with red, white and blue cotton wool, and there in the very middle was ME."

While most of his contemporaries were still thinking of themselves as bundles dropped by a passing stork, little Ivor Novello had already and all by himself imagined, in this glamorous parthenogenesis-in-Technicolor, his first theatrical production.

In later years, right up until his death last March, Novello produced box after box of fluffy entertainment for the British public—and there in the middle of almost every show was Ivor. He was not only Britain's Ziegfeld but also Britain's Valentino, and for a while her Jack Barrymore



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too; added to which he was one of the most successful song writers of his day, and a maker of light comedies second only to Noel Coward.

Ivor Novello, a biography by Peter Noble, British theater historian, does full, sometimes fulsome, credit to its flamboyant subject, and tells a success story as pat as any Novello melodrama.

A Song for History. Ivor Novello Davies was born in Cardiff, Wales, the son of David Davies, an accountant, and Clara Davies, a singing teacher. Little Ivor was early set down as a prodigy, at least by his doting mother, because, she said, he cried in perfect thirds. Mother was impatient for promise to become performance. "Darling," she reminded him all through his boyhood, "do you realize that if you died tomorrow, it would not make the slightest difference to the world?"

Ivor turned to song writing in his teens and in 1914, when he was only 21, wrote out one that made him both rich and famous: *Keep the Home Fires Burning*. It caught the ear of the marching men, and they sang it into history as one of the most popular songs of all time—to the distinct discomfiture of Novello's regular publisher, who rejected it.

Ivor was a national idol overnight. His delicately handsome profile, photographed in a thousand lights, became somehow confused in the public mind with a patriotic poster, and to lonely wives and mothers he became a romantic surrogate for the men away at war. The movies invited him into their realms of gold and in he went.

The Call of the Blood, when it was shown in 1920, puffed Ivor into a full-blown matinee craze, and *The Rat*, a melodrama which Ivor wrote, produced and starred in, made him a leading figure on the stage as well. *Glamorous Night*, the first Novello musical (in which he also starred), was a huge hit. *The Dancing Years*, his fourth musical, ran for ten years. Ivor composed seven musicals before he was through, all beautifully decorated and loaded with the brisk tunes and languid ballads that Britons had learned to expect of him.

Cheers Before the Curtain. By 1936, after a rat-tat-tat of hit plays and pictures, Novello was generally conceded to be "the most considerable personality on the English stage," not excepting Noel Coward himself. He had won his position, he admitted, with a formula rather simpler than Noel's: "Avoid gloom, and try to get a good cast."

By last winter, he was 58 and dead tired, but he could not bring himself to take a final bow. "My ambition," he once confessed, "is to go on working till I drop . . . I should like to make an enchanting curtain speech at the end of a wildly successful first night, and—to the sound of cheers and applause—drop gracefully dead. If possible, before the curtain falls!"

One night last March, Novello substantially got his wish. Three hours after he took his curtain call for a successful performance of his latest musical, *King's Rhapsody*, he died of a heart attack.



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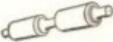
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Automatic Shift. In Miami, Mrs. Arlene Lamb filed for a divorce on the ground that her husband tried to exchange her, their eight-year-old daughter and their eleven-year-old twins for a new car.

Point of Order. In Boston, State Senator Silvio Conte argued for an early end to the session, pointed out that he had not been home in a long time and complained: "We had three children in 24 months, and now we haven't had a birth in eight months and people are beginning to talk about it."

Snake Eyes. In Rotan, Texas, after he had killed a rattlesnake behind the barn, Coe Hawkings went out in the dark and cut off the rattle for a souvenir, next morning noticed that the snake he had killed still had its rattle.

Second Hand. In South Bend, Ind., Willie Porter was sentenced to 30 days for stealing a watch from Mary Richardson, who then got 30 days when she admitted that she had stolen the watch herself.

Foul Shot. In Milwaukee, as the Washington Park Zoo's prize hippopotamus opened its mouth wide for the audience, spectator Jerome Fischer got all set, wound up, heaved a beer can right into the yawning jaws.

Time Out. In Honolulu, when Burglar Lawrence Carreira heard the judge announce, "I sentence you to Oahu Prison for 20 years," he passed out cold, was revived in time to catch the final words: "However, execution of sentence is suspended and I place you on probation for a period of five years."

Down Payment. In Spokane, six years after her dying mother told her to "hang on to that pillow and never give it away," Marie Flechsig decided it needed a new cover, ripped off the old one and discovered \$1,000.

Well Done. In Benton, Ill., Clem Cable tried to get the bees out of his eaves, lit some rags to make a smudge, burned his house to the ground.

Out of Character. In Los Angeles, Actress Donnie Donnell was granted a divorce after she told the judge that her husband insisted on her becoming a movie star, while "all I wanted to do was just to be a good housewife."

Scooped. In Clinton, Mass., Reporter William Coulter, on a routine assignment at the local draft board, asked if there was any news, got orders to report for his pre-induction physical.

Heir Apparent. In El Paso, the new Providence Memorial Hospital's expectant fathers' room was equipped with two oxygen outlets.



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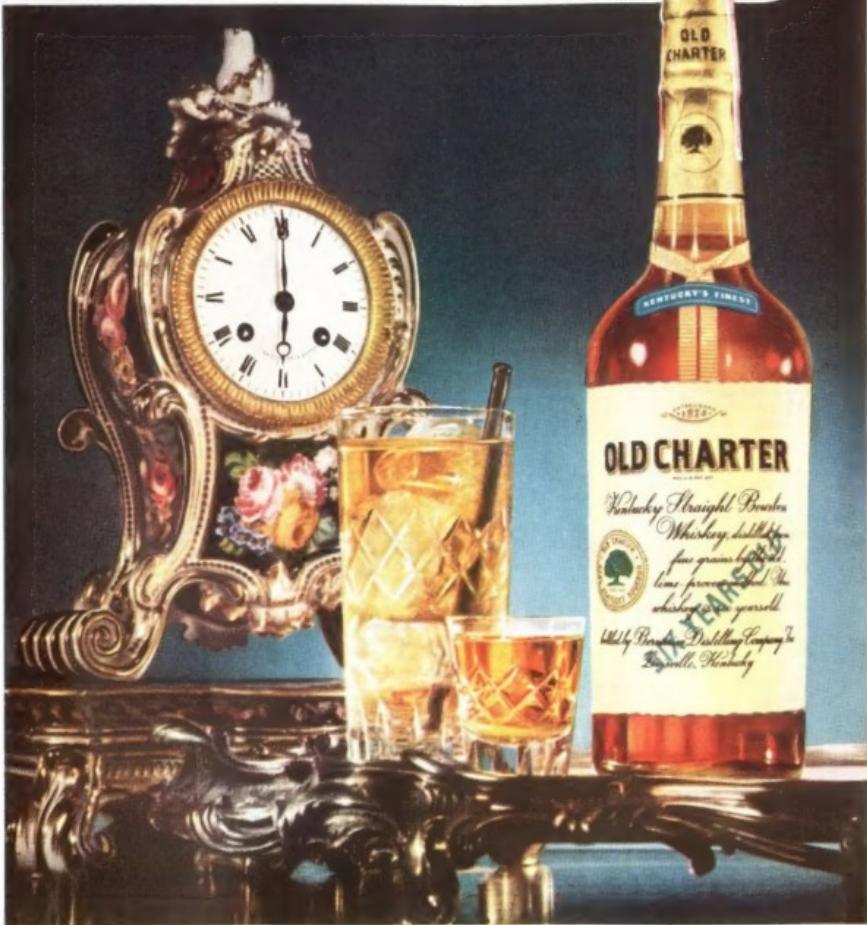
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